THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCII.—No. 1202]
DECEMBER 29, 1926
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The BYSTANDER

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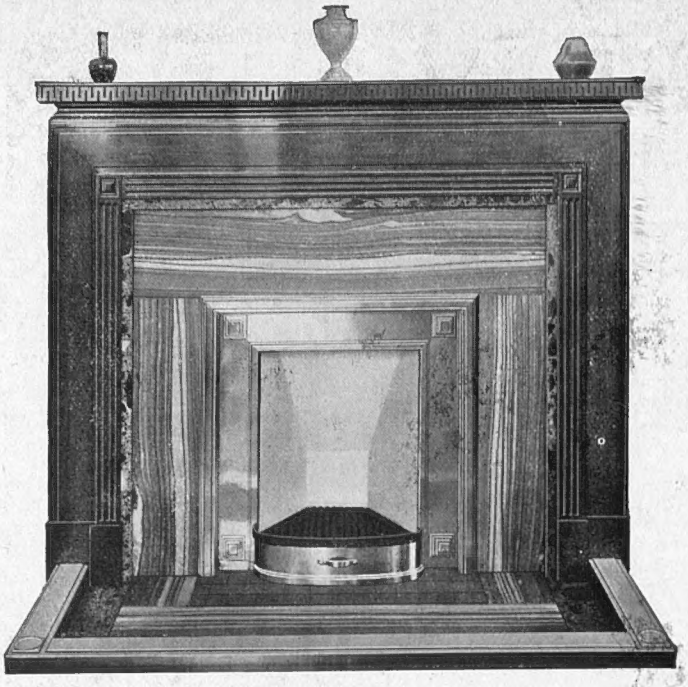

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The Bystander, December 29, 1926 No. 1202 Vol. XCII

The BYSTANDER

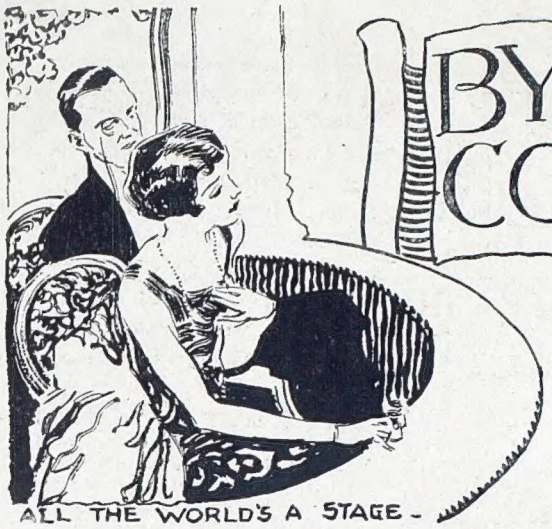
BY JACK GORDGE

THE GENUINE MONA LIZA

"THE PICTURE HAT"

One of the striking examples of camera art by Frank Davis from the London Salon of Photography

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



What a Year!

THERE have been years in the Past which have drawn to a close without any particular comment. There have even been years the passing of which has been hailed with regret. But 1926! What a year! What can we say of it that would not cast a gloom upon this joyful season? Let's forget it!

Written on their Livers

EVEN the bookmakers will tell their grandchildren of the Black Year, for when they die the Betting Tax will be written all over their livers. For us, of course, the deposition of jolly old King Coal will always be the main topic—that and the disappearance of Mrs. Agatha Christie, *bien entendu!*

"A Ramble in Aphasia"

SORRY to resurrect that nine days' wonder, but it was a most surprising thing that, so far as I know, not one of the newspaper sleuths hit upon that story by O. Henry, "A Ramble in Aphasia," which tells how Elwyn Bellford, the Denver lawyer, became Edward Pinkhammer, and attended the Druggists' National Conference at New York. Both Mrs. Christie and Mr. Bellford had so many things in common, except, of course, that one always felt the latter was not quite so innocent as he would have us believe—or so it has always seemed to me. If Mrs. Christie or any of my readers want to read the story they will find it in "Strictly Business," obtainable on any bookstall.

Blow, Brothers, Blow!

THE Ancient Order of Froth Blowers goes on from strength to strength, and Sir Alfred Fripp's charity—the Wee Waifs—continues to benefit. Much froth has been blown since I first mentioned the Ancient Order in these columns, but so great has been the rush of members that it has been found impossible to meet all the demands for insignia. In addition to the famous Anthem, there is now a special waltz with a companion song—and they say we are not a musical nation!

Jay Walkers

STUNG, nettled and spurred on by my remark that when a pedestrian was killed the relatives of the deceased were censured, new traffic regulations have been issued by the New York authorities. In future, at all unguarded street-crossings, pedestrians have an undisputed right of way over vehicular traffic, though the rule offers no protection to the "jay walker" who crosses the street elsewhere than at the intersections. This, of course, is the direct result of my personal intervention, and in a week or two I hope to make our own streets safe for pedocracy.

My Pet Crusade

THOSE elegant blue stars denoting a non-smoking compartment are now familiar features of the Underground, and, as I supposed, women and small boys are avoiding them like the plague. It always takes the official mind a long time to arrive at a simple and logical conclusion, and so I imagine it will be months before these beautiful stars are washed away and anyone is allowed to smoke anywhere. With the speeding-up of the trains it is impossible to select a particular compartment, and impossible also to create an atmosphere that could annoy anybody's aunt. I shall yet win my pet crusade, but it is a slow business.

Modern Slogans

Surprising what a lot of misconceptions take root and flourish in modern conversation. We blame Mr. Cook for his slogans, while reeling off lots of conversational *clichés* on our own account. There is the man who will tell you that Sussex is England's loveliest county when, as a matter of fact, Gloucestershire holds that distinction. There is the man who still refers to the ugliness of the Albert Memorial when, as everyone knows, the Epstein Rima has put its nose out of joint. Let us further consider these matters.

The Plague of Poets

Only the other day, in this very Bystander, the plague of poets clamorous for the claims of Sussex was touched upon :—

God gave all men all earth to praise
  There's not the slightest doubt,
And yet 'tis Sussex by the Sea
  They always write about.
Why Kipling went to Rottingdean,
    Instead of Banff or Aberdeen,
      I never could make out.

The Five Notions

And then, you may remember, poor T. W. H. Crosland, in one of his more exuberant moments, dealing with the Five Notions of Rudyard Kipling, wrote as follows :—

'E 'ath a notion 'es the Bee
'Oo 'ath the 'Oneysuckle found
In silly Sussex by the Sea.
Oh, a fair ground—oh, a fair ground.

By W. F. Blood

"CANT"-ON CHINA !—*OUR* HEATHEN CHINEE

"Ah Sin" was his name,
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What his name might imply;
But his smile, it was pensive
  and childlike . . .

—Bret Harte

As if, becos 'e 'ad a place
At Rottingdean upon the map,
'E likewise 'ad a Sussex face
An' was a proper Sussex chap!

Two Works of Art

Two things would please me most particularly. The first, to hear Mr. Epstein's unexpurgated opinion of the Albert Memorial, and the second, to hear what the architect of the Memorial would have said about Mr. Epstein's Rima—of which a young lady sang so recently :—

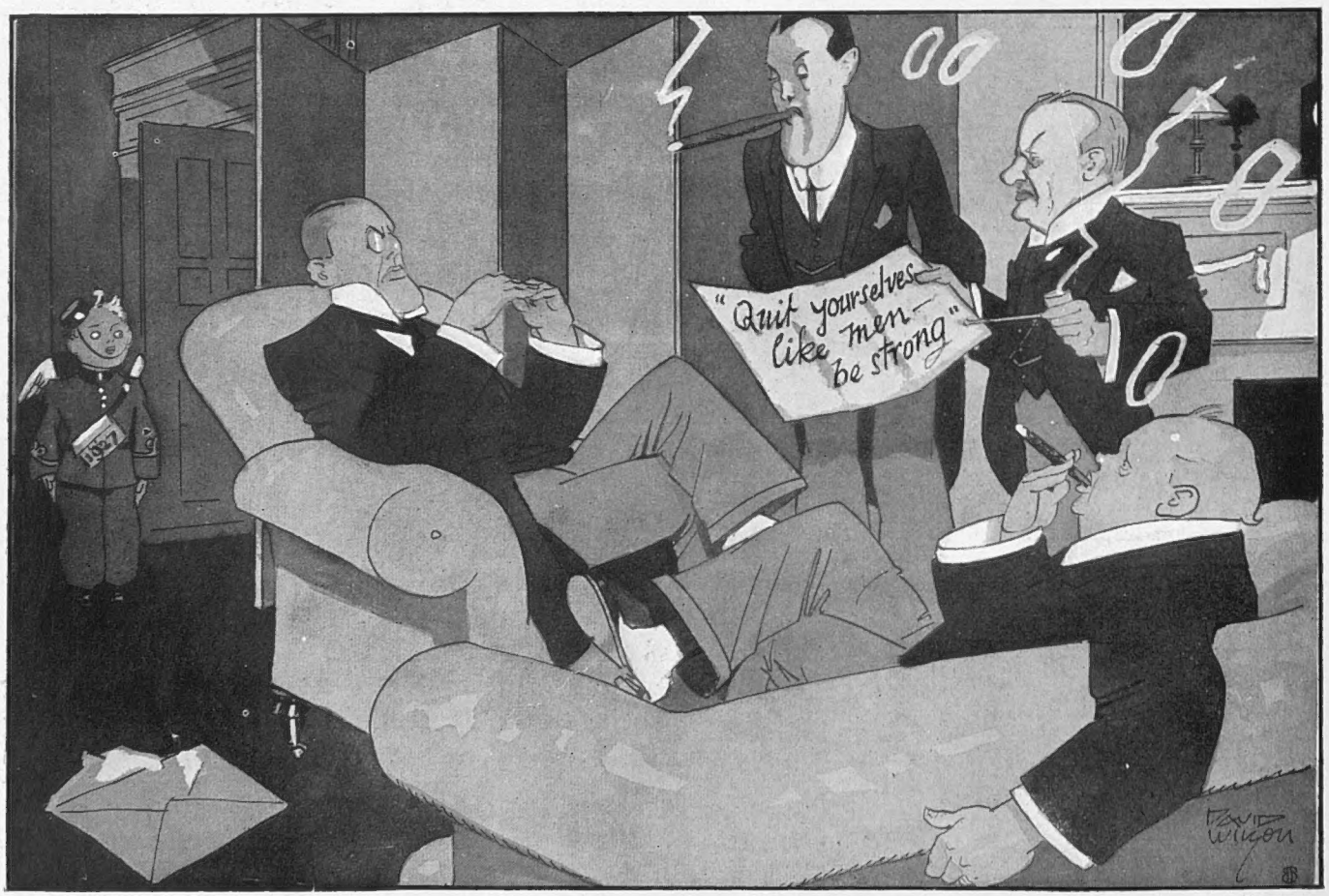
Since Epstein's Rima graced the Park
No folk will go there after dark.
And now, I hear, the papers say
He's frightened all the birds away.

I Am Un-movied

With grateful recollections of the thrills of *Ben Hur* and *Beau Geste*, I have to confess that the movies do not move me to any appreciable extent. Yet I see no reason why cinema-fans in the Colonies should be robbed of a peep at the public parks of their home town. The acting of Dorothy Gish in Hyde Park would provide the British public with cheap entertainment, and the authorities need not have strained at this particular gnat after swallowing the Epstein camel—if indeed it *is* a camel that purports to perpetuate the name and fame of the late W. H. Hudson.

Alone I Did It

It seems only the other day that I took it upon myself to coin the term "Undergraduette," a word which leapt



"1927" SENDS ITS MESSAGE TO "No. 10"

By David Wilson

ROYALTY AT HOME *Marcus Adams*

The Duke and Duchess of York in a charming family study with their daughter, the Princess Elizabeth. The Princess Elizabeth is now eight months old

into immediate popularity, and has since passed into the language. The young ladies who went to Oxford to complete their education were then a novelty, but they have increased by such numbers that the retiring Vice-Chancellor of the University has become seriously alarmed, and looks forward to the day when their numbers will have to be controlled by Statute. However, no matter what the Fates may hold in store for them, the name "undergraduette" has come to stay, even as the words born in the War have found a place in our vocabulary.

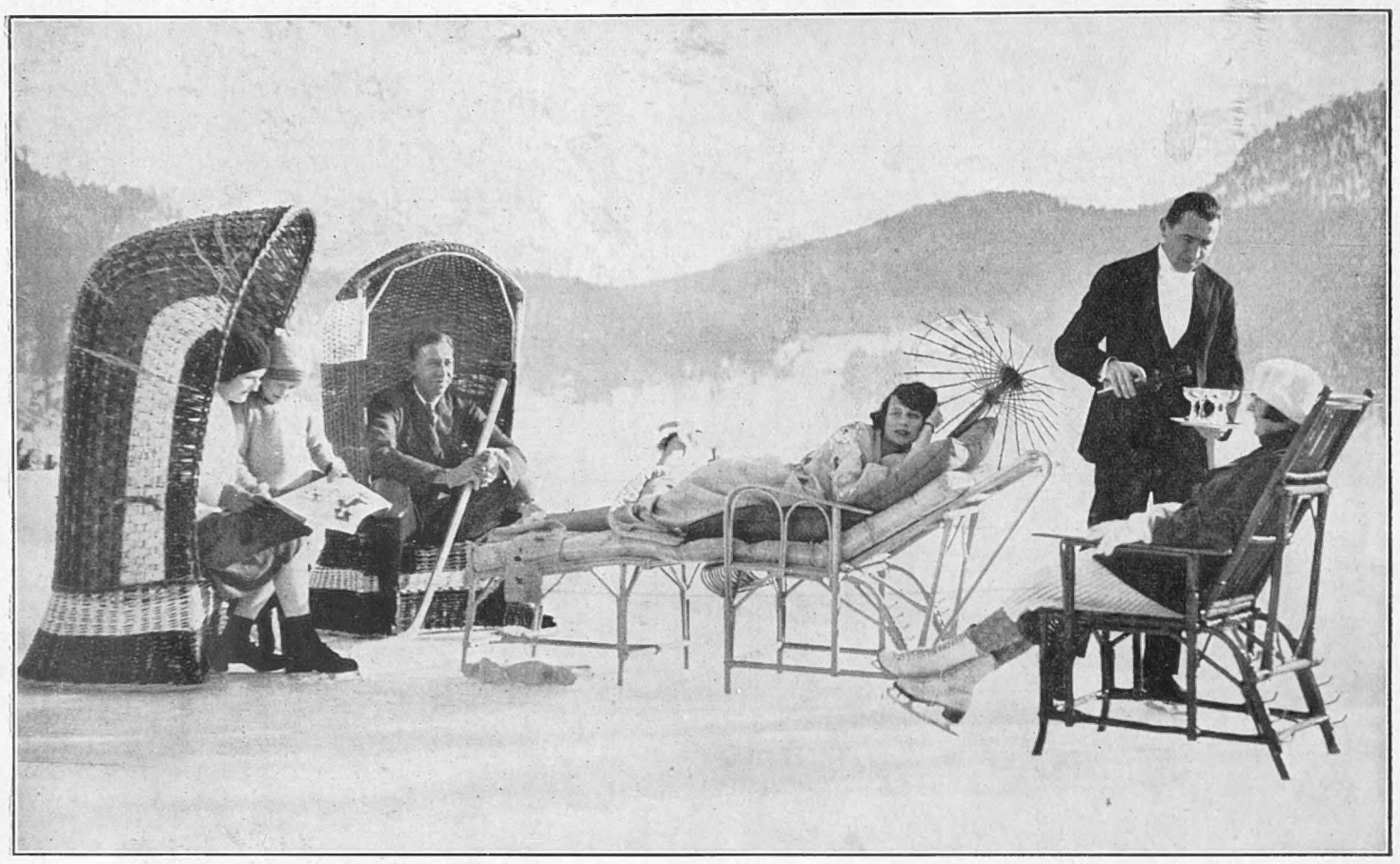
New Looks for Old

MORRIS, the Swindon centre forward, who has been scoring so well lately, is as little like the popular conception of a professional footballer as you could imagine. But that remark, I suppose, applies to all the professions. Artists no longer wear velvet jackets, and some poets are not only business-like in their dealings, but also in appearance. Usually in these cases the change is all for the better—a pugilist of the Gene Tunney pattern being entirely preferable to the rough-looking customers who were the boxing champions of the last century; while it is as well that you can no longer tell an actor by the grease-paint on the collar of his coat.

A Silly Outcry

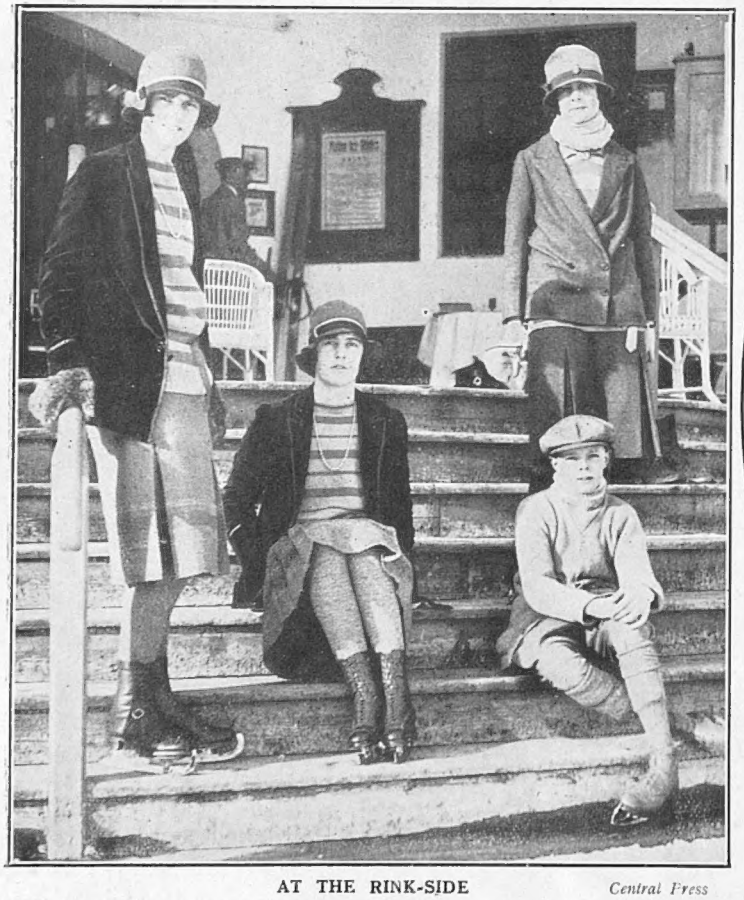
LET us hope that the silly outcry against the broadcasting of *Hassan* will not discourage the B.B.C. from giving us dramatic selections of the same high quality. It would be intolerable if one disgruntled correspondent were allowed to spoil the pleasure of a multitude of listeners, and one may implore the daily papers to curb their passion for an intriguing "story" when their action conflicts with the general weal. What was good enough for the poet Flecker is good enough for Balham and Brixton, and the chain of broadcasting stations must be stronger than its weakest human link.

Winter Sports Get Under Way



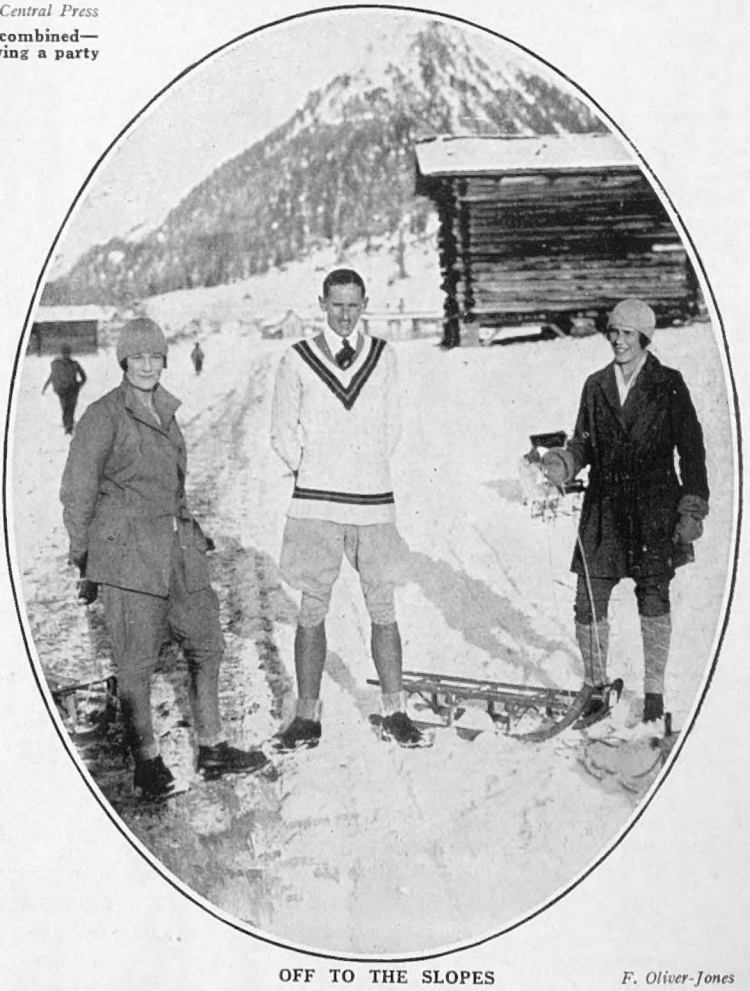
A BRIGHT LOOK-OUT *Central Press*

Skating and sun baths are both very desirable pastimes, but when they can be combined—as they can in Switzerland—they become doubly so. This photograph, showing a party thus engaged, was taken on the Grand Hotel Rink at St. Moritz



AT THE RINK-SIDE *Central Press*

A group taken at the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz, where visitors are arriving in force. It shows Miss Helen and Miss Nicolette Ward, the twin daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, with Mrs. Edgar Brassey and her son



OFF TO THE SLOPES *F. Oliver-Jones*

A cheery party setting out on a luge-ing expedition at Davos, which has been favoured with plenty of snow and sunshine. It includes Mrs. Bromfield (left), Captain F. S. Pearson and Mrs. Oliver-Jones

AN INDIAN WEDDING *Sport and General*

A photograph taken after the wedding of Hon. Cicely Goschen, daughter of Lord Goschen, the Governor of Madras, and Captain M. E. B. Portal, 17th-21st Lancers and A.D.C. to the Governor, which took place at St. George's Cathedral, Madras. The group includes the bride and bridegroom, Viscount and Viscountess Goschen, the bridesmaids and the best man

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The New Delhi

ALTHOUGH Government House in the new Delhi will not be ready for the Viceroy and Lady Irwin's occupation until some time next year, possession has already been taken of the Government offices, big three-storeyed buildings on either side of the Processional Way, and when the sessions of the Legislative Assembly, the Council of State, and the Council of Princes open in January the Trinity building, in which they will each have their separate chamber, will also be finished.

No project ever raised such a storm of criticism as the decision to move the central seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to Delhi, and the fact that nothing was known of the project until the Governors of the various provinces were informed of it confidentially by the then Viceroy the night before the historic Durbar at which the King and Queen were present, added to the storm. However, in fifteen years the work has been done, a new Delhi has arisen, a city of palaces, and in two or three years it will be entirely completed.

A Change of Site

THREE days after the Durbar in 1911 the King and Queen laid what were to be the first stones of the new capital of India. But this site, which had been chosen by an expert town-planning committee, was found to be unsuitable by Lord Hardinge, who suggested another place on the hill above. Lord Hardinge was justified in his choice, for during some heavy floods two years ago most of the original site was under water.

A Flemish Exhibition

WE can look forward next month to one of the most interesting exhibitions ever given us during the winter at the Royal Academy. This is an exhibition of Flemish and Belgian pictures between 1350 and 1900. The chief interest, naturally, will centre round the Flemish School, and we shall see many fine examples which have never been out of private collections before.

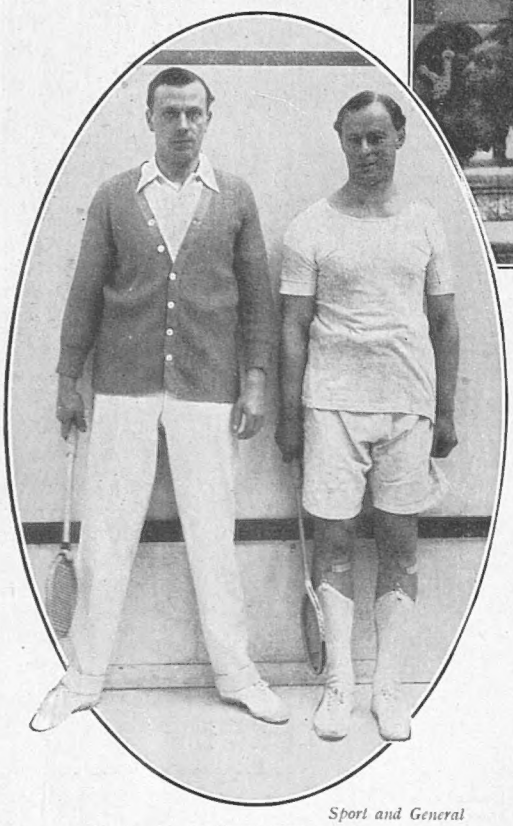
LEAVING THE CHURCH *Central News*

Lieutenant T. E. Halsey R.N., son of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Halsey, leaving St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, with his bride, Miss J. Brooke. The bride, who is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bertram Brooke, is a niece of the Rajah of Sarawak

Royal Pictures

THE KING is lending Flemish pictures from Buckingham Palace, and their choice, I understand, has been made by the Queen. The King of the Belgians is also sending pictures from the Royal Palace at Brussels. The Louvre is sending ten representative works, and other

public galleries which are sending their treasures are Copenhagen, Budapest, Lyons, and the Royal Museum at Brussels. In addition to this, many American collectors are sending "the cream of their possessions," and doubtless we shall again see many famous Flemish pictures which once used to be in this country. Belgian and English collectors are likewise contributing. The Austrian Government has outstripped everybody else in its generous loan of the superb Flemish tapestries in Vienna, once the property of the Hapsburg Emperors. These are to hang in the big room at the Academy.



Sport and General

A SEMI-FINAL

Captain V. A. Cazalet (left) and Mr. W. L. Davis, who met in the Amateur Squash Racquets Championship, which was held at the Bath Club, Dover Street. Captain Cazalet won by 3 games to 1

Special Press

A HERTFORDSHIRE MEET

A photograph taken at the recent meet of the Hertfordshire at Wrest Park, Bedfordshire. The group includes Miss Beit, the Master, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. J. R. Gregory, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Wilfred Bain, Miss Spring and the Misses Eyre

The Legitimacy Act

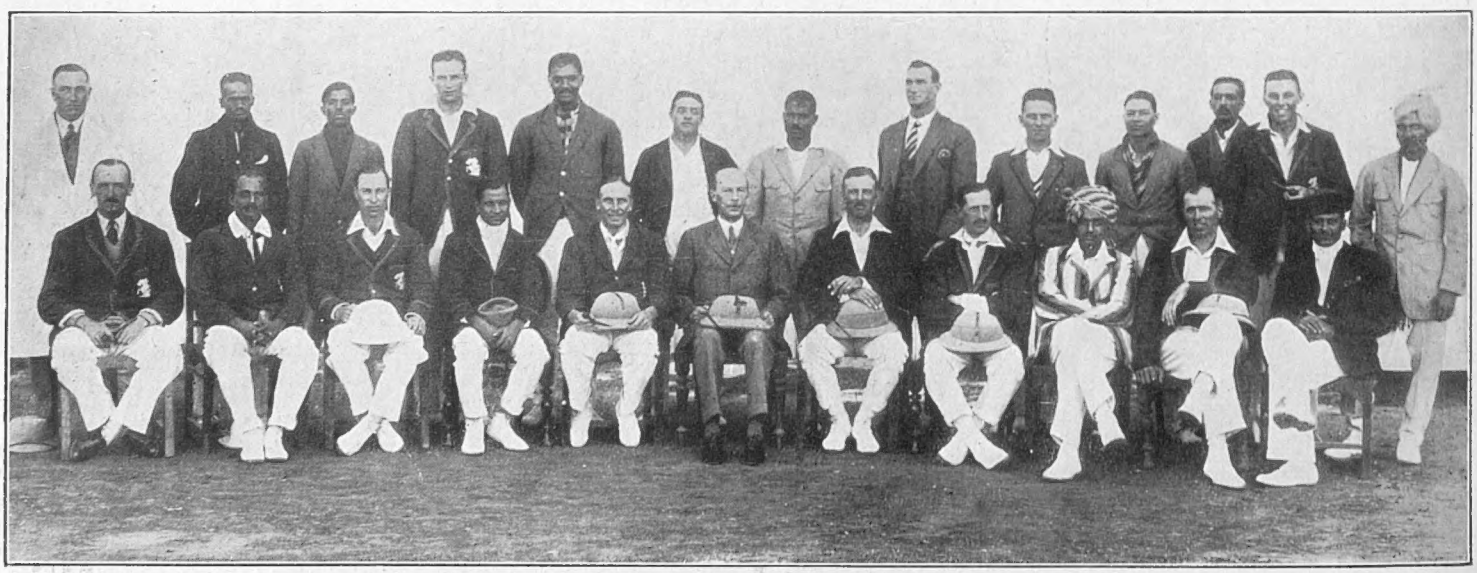
At long last the Legitimacy Bill has become an Act of Parliament, and the stigma of illegitimacy from all those persons born out of wedlock will be removed by the subsequent marriage of their parents as it does in Scotland and in France. We owe the fact that this Bill is now upon the Statute Book to the unceasing efforts of Mr. Arthur Lambton, whose book, *My Story*, setting out the tragically cruel position in which he and his brother and sister were placed, perhaps you will remember.

The Legitimacy Act has had a curious history. The Bill was passed two years ago by the House of Commons, and was then amended by the Lords. It went back to the Commons, but before it could be passed, with or without the changes made by the Lords, the Labour Government went to the country, and all outstanding Bills were automatically killed by the fall of the Government.

So the whole process has had to be gone through again, and this time the Bill would probably have been thrown out by the Lords unless the Commons had compromised over one clause to which the Upper House took exception. This clause ran :— "Nothing in this Act shall operate to legitimate a person whose father or mother was married to a third person when the illegitimate person was born." There is already some talk of a Bill being introduced next session to abolish this exception.

A Hard Case

Here, of course, we are on very debatable ground, but at the same time the exception visits the sins of the parents on innocent children exactly as before the Act was passed, and the whole point of the Act is to remove the stigma of illegitimacy



Sport and General

CRICKET IN INDIA

The M.C.C. team, which is touring in India, photographed with the combined Rajputana and Central India Eleven. In the centre is Lieut.-Col. S. B. A. Patterson the Agent to the Governor-General, and on either side of him are the respective captains

from the children. I know of one case where the exception will be a cruel wrong to three children.

Twenty-five years ago a man married. He was twenty-two. Within three months his wife was in an asylum, and there she remained for eighteen years, incurably insane, until she died. It transpired that there was insanity upon both sides of the wife's family, and that she had been in a mental home for a year when she was seventeen. All this had been carefully kept from the young man and his family by

OUT WITH THE QUORN

Some of those who spent a "hunting day" with the Quorn, at the recent meet at Kinoulton, Leicestershire

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER and COLONEL CRIPPS

LORD WESTMORLAND HAVING A CHAT WITH ONE OF THE GROOMS

the wife's relations. He was rich, the heir to a title—in every way a most eligible *parti*.

On the ground of the family history and the fact that his wife had shown signs of insanity before their marriage he tried to get an annulment. But the lawyers and great counsel he consulted showed him that the Law was dead against him, and, further, that one such case, practically identical with his own, had been brought years before—a tragedy that still goes on for the unfortunate husband and has lasted forty-four years—and the Court could give no relief, because insanity is not recognised by our divorce laws as a reason for the dissolution of marriage. It was useless, therefore, for him to appeal to the Law.

What Happened

For four years this unfortunate young man led a solitary and miserable existence, hoping always for his wife's recovery. But the wife grew steadily worse. Then he met a woman with whom he fell in love. She loved him, too, and so well that she was content to share his life. In fourteen years they had three children. Then the mad wife died. Within a week they were married by extra special licence. Two children were born after the marriage.

Yet, because he was a married man when the first three children were born, they are still considered illegitimate in law, so there you have the anomaly of three illegitimate children and two legitimate children, all children of the same parents. Nothing in the Legitimacy Act alters the law of succession to any dignity or title. But in this case the elder of the two sons born after the marriage will succeed to the father's title. In law the three children born before the marriage are "nameless," just because their father had the misfortune in

Photographs *L.N.A.*

CAPTAIN DE PRET and MRS. KELD FENWICK

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Vandyk*

The bridal group taken after the wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Mr. H. C. D. Whinney and Miss Evelyn Low, daughter of the late Mr. H. V. Low, of Calcutta. The bridegroom is a son of the late Mr. T. B. Whinney and a descendant of Charles Dickens

Bassano

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Patricia Mary Carlisle Swabey, daughter of Brigadier-General W. S. Swabey, of Apsley Guise, Bedfordshire, who has become engaged to Mr. Godfrey Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson is the son of Mr. C. R. Wilkinson, I.C.S., retired, of Ramsey, Isle of Man

his early manhood to marry a woman who became insane.

Some Irregular Unions

Your Bystander ventures to think that cases such as this—and he thinks, too, that a good many of you know of similar instances—were not taken into consideration by the Lords. The obvious way to remove this cruelty to a man or woman married to a mad wife or husband, and to remove the stigma of illegitimacy from the children of another union, created by that insanity, would be to make insanity a legal cause for the dissolution of a marriage. Then, in hundreds of cases, there would be no question of children being within or without the Legitimacy Act. They would be born in wedlock. As the law stands now, the husband or wife of an insane woman or man is condemned to celibacy so long as the insane person lives.

All this is a deep plunge into seriousness, but, as we all know, every irregular union in which one of the parties concerned is already married is not the haphazard, wicked affair that the Lords Temporal and the Lords Spiritual evidently think it is. Some may be, but many of these unions come about simply and solely because the existing divorce laws give no relief in cases of insanity and various other matters into which I need not enter. If there is to be a Supplementary Bill next Session to abolish the exception made by the Lords and accepted by the Commons (to save the Bill *soit entendu*), with regard to the children of such marriages, perhaps it will allow for the circumstances which led a married man or woman to contract an irregular union before they were free to marry one another.

A Tragic Instance

At the risk of boring you, let me add this instance. A well-known peer made an unhappy marriage, and all the world knew that the unhappiness was not his fault. His wife had been married three times before. She suffered badly from what the psycho-analysts call the "jealousy complex."

This complex made life so impossible and ridiculous that he left her. The culmination of many vulgar "scenes" was when she seized the tails of his scarlet hunting coat at a Hunt breakfast in their own house and ripped the coat in halves from tail to collar because he was being civil to a pretty woman he had only seen once before and who, like all the rest of the Hunt, was his guest.

Lady Hamilton did precisely the same thing to Nelson once at Merton, not in jealousy, just in uncontrollable temper. But

AT A GUNNERS' DANCE *Topical*

A photograph taken at the annual Artillery Ball of the 51st Field Brigade R.A. (T.A.), which was held at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, Carlisle, and which was an exceptionally jolly affair. The group includes Mr. T. W. Iredale, Mr. J. Donald, Miss Binning, Mrs. R. N. Carr, Mr. W. J. S. Douglas, Miss Halton, Mrs. Ellis and Mr. T. Strong

Lafayette

MISS ELEANOR MILLICENT NORTON

The daughter of Mrs. Norton, of Mill Hall, Horsham, whose engagement to Mr. Stuart David, of the Sudan Government, has been announced. Miss Norton holds the M.B.E. and the R.R.C.

Lafayette

MISS JOAN AUDREY HUGHES

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, who is engaged to Mr. Gordon Murray Moncrieff. Her fiancé is the younger son of the late Rev. W. Moncrieff and Mrs. Moncrieff

Hay Wrightson

MISS FRIEDA LEWIS

Who is engaged to Mr. Ian Patrick Robert Napier, younger son of Mr. H. M. Napier and the late Mrs. Napier, of Bowling, Dumbartonshire. She is the only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Lewis

Lady Hamilton's vulgar outburst took place only before two or three intimate friends, and allowances had to be made for Lady Hamilton because, beautiful as she was, she didn't know any better.

But a well-born woman, thrice an English peeress, once an Italian Duchess by marriage, could not expect the consideration extended to the woman who began life as a domestic servant, and particularly when she ripped her husband's coat in two before more than half of her county neighbours. No man could stand this intolerable, insensate jealousy.

The result was her husband left her. There was no change in her position. She reigned in the family place. He went to Africa on a big-game shooting expedition. On his way back he fell ill at Capetown. When he recovered he and his nurse came back to England together.

For years they lived most happily in the Isle of Wight, whilst the legal wife lived in the family house upon the greater part of the husband's income. There was no child by the legal marriage. By the irregular union there were two.

Then the man fell ill, and whilst he was ill the wife died suddenly. He married the mother of his children on his sick bed. A week later he was dead. The peerage, the estate, everything, went to his next of kin.

A BRIDE-TO-BE *Lenare*

A new portrait of Miss Betty Humphery, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Humphery. She has recently become engaged to Dr. Clement Nicory

This situation would never have come about but for the wicked and insensate jealousy of the wife. I wonder if we shall live to see the Law taking cognizance of such a determining factor in a man's life as this—and in a woman's life, too, there being just as many stupidly, blindly jealous men in the world as women.

The Windsor Strollers

Last year the Windsor Strollers did not give their annual performance at Windsor because of the death of Queen Alexandra. This year they gave two plays, *The Mask and the Face*, by C. B. Fernald, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is curious that in the sixty and some odd years of their existence the Strollers have never before done the *Merry Wives* in the town where its scenes are laid; the difficulties of production and rehearsal, I believe, have always stood in the way. These were triumphantly overcome this year. In many ways the performance could challenge professional comparison.

Of course, we know that, being a member of the Windsor Strollers is in itself the hall-mark of being a good amateur actor or actress, but, looking back upon former performances, I think the standard of the Strollers has never been so high as it is to-day. They understand, as few

MRS. JACK HYLTON

MISS OLGA LINDO

amateur dramatic societies understand, the meaning of team work. *The Merry Wives* went with delightful dash and vigour. Mr. Ralph Alderson was the Falstaff, Lady Crutchley the Mistress Ford, and Lady Susan Birch the Mistress Page, with Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise as a sprightly and engaging Mistress Quickly. In *The Mask and the Face* the honours fell chiefly to Major Clarke-Jervoise. His Italian mayor was a most amusing piece of character acting. Sir William Leese has succeeded the Hon. Sir William Goschen as president of the Windsor Strollers.

Revelry by Night

THERE can be no question of New Year's Eve being dull this year, for The Happy New Year Ball in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, which takes place at the Albert Hall on the last day of the old year, promises to be one of the jolliest and cheeriest affairs ever witnessed. No big ball can hope to succeed without a really good band, but there certainly can be no apprehension on *that* score for Jack Hylton's augmented bands, conducted by himself, will be in action continuously from the time that dancing starts at 9 o'clock until four a.m. the next morning.

A statement which has been circulated to the effect that structural decorations and stunts would not be allowed, and that the ball would close earlier as the Hall is let on the following afternoon is entirely untrue. As a matter of fact, many really excellent stunts will help to keep things going with a swing throughout the evening, and the decoration of the hall will be both attractive and novel.

A special midnight pageant will be synchronised with the chimes of Big Ben, specially broadcast to the Albert Hall. Symbolical of the British Empire, it will have a touch of solemnity without in any way being "heavy," whilst the Middlesex Hospital Students' Band will prove a sensation both to the eye *and* ear.

The Pipe Band of the London Scottish will also be in action on the floor to gladden the hearts of both Scot and Sassenach, and many other cheerful schemes are on foot to start the New Year in a spirit of happiness and gaiety.

No long and boring dress parades or fashion displays will be allowed to interfere with the dancing, and all the many stunts have been arranged with that end in view. In short, the Happy New Year Ball promises to be a *really* cheerful and successful affair.

Photographs *Topical*

MISS ELAINE LETTOR

Three of the many popular people in the dresses in which they will appear at the Happy New Year Ball at the Albert Hall. Jack Hylton is providing the music for this cheery show, which is in aid of the Middlesex Hospital

Left Over from the Tragic Scene

BY E. T. REED

JOHN BULL: "Look here, my little man! *your* scene's over and done with—you're on the wrong side of the curtain! *This* is the *jolly* part beginning now, quite out of your line"

MÜRREN AND MELTON

A STUDY IN WINTER CONTRASTS

AT MÜRREN

ICICLES garland the dark, sleeping trees;
Cold is the air from the upper heights blowing;
Frosty and sharp is the welcoming breeze;
Bright is the day with no prospect of snowing.
Come on, you sluggards! Let's up and be going,
The hour's nearly noon and the daylight soon flees,
So haul forth your luges or drag out your skis,
Jack Frost brings you sport that is well worth the knowing.

On with your wraps, then, and let us away
Over the snows that lie gleaming so whitely;
The Ice Rink is ready and waiting to-day,
As smooth as the dance floor you fox-trot on nightly.
Hurry, come, hurry! The sun's shining brightly,
There's sport for us all from the young to the grey.
Jack Frost is a-calling and who can say "Nay"
When the flash of his robes sets each heart beating lightly?

AT MELTON

SNOW-CLOUDS are veiling the wintery sun;
Bitter the wind from the chill north-east blowing.
The saddle to-day must give place to the gun,
For frost has set in, and, alas, there's no knowing
When hounds once again roaring sport will be showing.
Reynard may vote the proceedings great fun;
But oh, how we yearn for a long, breathless run—
We've a little account with "Charles James" that's still owing!

Back to the stables the hunters are led,
"The meet is abandoned through frost," they are saying.
Enough to make every true sportsman see "red,"
When we listen in vain for our mount's restless neighing;
The clear "View Halloa" and the hounds' eager baying;
The hope of a good rousing run is now dead.
Damn Master Jack Frost—here's a curse on his head!
For a really quick thaw every hunting man's praying.

CHRISTOPHER GRAVILLE

SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM

A Man of Note!

BY D'EGVILLE

The Man who asked the croupier at Monte Carlo to lend him five francs

THE FIRST YEAR AT THE APOLLO

Produced November 29, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

YEARS ago Mr. Shakespeare assured us that the course of true love never did run smooth. Some few years later, Sir Arthur Pinero showed us in his play *Mid-Channel* that in the middle-age of married life we may look out for squalls; and now Mr. Ernest Truex has come among us with a touching demonstration to the effect that the first year of married life is a very, very rocky road indeed. There is still a vacancy for an observing philosopher who will assure us that the maturer years of wedlock are liable to gas attacks—but perhaps no one has thought it necessary to emphasise the obvious.

THIS simple story opens in a home in "Reading, a very small town in Illinois." Thus we get the American atmosphere right away. Miss Grace Livingston is the young lady in the case who steers the course of true love through the stormy waters of the axiom. She rather likes young Tommy Tucker (Mr. Truex), but he is a house and estate agent in Reading, and is seemingly anchored to the spot for life. And Grace is so tired of Reading. Now, young Dick Loring, on the other hand, is in the railway development industry. This takes him all over the continent, and Grace just longs for a husband who will be here to-day and there to-morrow, with herself as his faithful shadow. So for the moment Dick Loring is the first favourite. Besides, Dick is a cheerful boaster, and the girls all like a chap of that sort till they have found him out.

Stage Photo Co.

TROUBLES AT THE TABLE

Thomas Tucker (Ernest Truex) finds himself in general disfavour with Peter Barstow (S. J. Warmington), Grace (Phyllis Povah), Dick Loring (George Curzon) and Mrs. Barstow (Norah Howard)

TOMMY TUCKER does not talk a great deal, but he is very much in love. His idea apparently is to mention his passion to Grace's parents, and a few of the friends of the family, in the hope that the rumour will in due course travel as far as the young lady herself. When Tommy arrives at the Livingston home Pa and Ma are getting ready for a game of Bridge. Dick Loring is there, but he is too busy saying sweet nothings to Grace; and so Tommy is roped into the game very much against his will. But his clear inability to keep his mind on his cards is most humorously presented by Mr. Truex. Just when he should be attending most to his game he is peeping round an obscure corner to try to find out what it is that is making Grace and Dick giggle so noisily together. For the moment the course of true love is very rough for Tommy Tucker.

THEN, by a stroke of luck, a quarrel arises between Dick and Grace. It seems that in making a formal proposal to her on the verandah, Dick threw out the sadly ungallant hint that she would probably never have another chance of getting off. And a girl who is told that will throw herself away on the dustman rather than admit that the other fellow was right. In this case there is happily Tommy Tucker to fall back upon; but he is only accepted on condition that he will remove his estate business from Reading

(Ill.) to a livelier spot. This is the chief business of the first act, which has been given the sportful title of "Training Quarters."

THE second act is entitled "The Ringside," as a playful hint that the matrimonial tussle is now well under way. We see the young people in their new home in Joplin (Mo.)—a very modest little flat. Mr. Tucker is evidently one of the prudent ones that believe in beginning married life in a small way. After all, the strongest trees are those that grow most slowly. Grace is already getting a little tired of the eternal scraping and saving, and cooking and mending. But Tommy tells her they are going to be rich very shortly. For months past he has been steadily applying their spare cash towards the purchase of a place called Amusement Park, which stands right in the line of a projected railway. The purchasing agent for the railway company is dining with them that evening, and Tommy has no doubt that the business will be completed between the soup and the savoury, or thereabouts.

THE dinner is ready in due course, and the agent and his wife arrive. Cocktails are supplied, and the first note of success is scored when the agent declares that his little lot was the best cocktail he had ever tasted. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, as young married people, very properly explain that they do not drink with anything like sustained diligence; but they sip at their glasses for the sake of politeness, as the agent, Mr. Barstow, is obviously a man to be humoured. Mrs. Tucker, in her anxiety to show herself as the perfect hostess, has been more or less jumpy all the evening; but her little snaps at her husband, as one little thing after another goes wrong, amount to no more than a bit of sparring for an opening, as you might say.

THE real fight begins when Dick Loring, the rejected suitor, drifts in, and throws his weight about considerably. He is engaged in buying rails for the new line, and he affects to know all about it.

Mrs. Tucker, in her artless and confiding way, tells Dick that they have picked up a parcel of land called Amusement Park quite cheaply, and expect to be able to unload it on the confiding railway company at the top price of $100,000. Loring's comment, which falls like a bombshell on the company, is that the railway is not coming in that direction at all. The

atmosphere at this point becomes at once electrically charged. Mrs. Tucker loudly deplores the loss of the expected fortune; while Tommy roundly accuses his guests (invited and uninvited) of having concocted a "frame up" to get his land under cost price. The meeting then breaks up in disorder, and Mrs. Tucker, having an attack of nerves, dashes away, and goes back home to Ma.

MR. TOMMY TUCKER, left alone in his trouble, picks up the cocktail he had only pretended to sip, and drains it off. Then he has another; and finally orders the coloured maid to bring him in a good pint of it. Then Mr. Barstow comes back to say that Loring was mistaken. The railway will go through Amusement Park, all right. Tommy is glad to hear it, but, inspired by the Dutch courage of the cocktails, his price will now be $125,000. I think the moral of this is that if you live a sober life you will only gain modest profits; but if you get politely intoxicated in the course of an important deal, you will increase your gains by 25 per cent. *Ergo*—but perhaps not!

AN UNFORTUNATE MOMENT *Stage Photo Co.*

Thomas Tucker (Ernest Truex) returns home rather too suddenly. Dick Loring (George Curzon) and Grace (Phyllis Povah) are at the moment forgetting the existence of the word "husband"

THE last act is called "The Knock-out," and it lives up to its title richly. Mr. O. B. Clarence and Miss Mary Rorke, as the parents of the bride, are agreeably amusing throughout, but the production is Mr. Ernest Truex's one-man show. JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

AN extra large vanity bag is now on the market. It is said to be indispensable to shop-lifters.

. . . . . .

A JOURNALIST says that Helen of Troy probably made her own dresses. We had an idea that she got all her frocks from Paris.

. . . . . .

THE case against a tax on bachelors can be very shortly summarised:—If I don't want a car, why should I pay for another chap's petrol?

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of Brown as a pianoforte player?"

"I consider him the greatest exponent of the three-chord trick."

. . . .

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(*Mr. Herman Finck.*)

Musician? Yes, and one who knows his biz,
Yet no one knows quite what his motif is;
Master, who knows how frequently in rhyme
That modulation is the thief of time;
One who will promptly make a business contract,
Or stand his pals a drink between the entr'acte;
Of all the men I know, the best at metre,
This lovable and kindly bâton-beater!

. . . . .

A SCULPTOR was fined last week for disorderly conduct. It cost him exactly forty shillings for going on the bust.

. . . . .

A NEW fox-trot is entitled, "Rum Running." Its publishers announce there is plenty of spirit in it.

AN EXTENUATING FACT

Jones sold me yesterday a pup,
And so, when I went home to sup,
I felt my blood was fairly up.

In order to placate my spleen,
I threw my brolly through a screen,
Then set about the soup tureen.

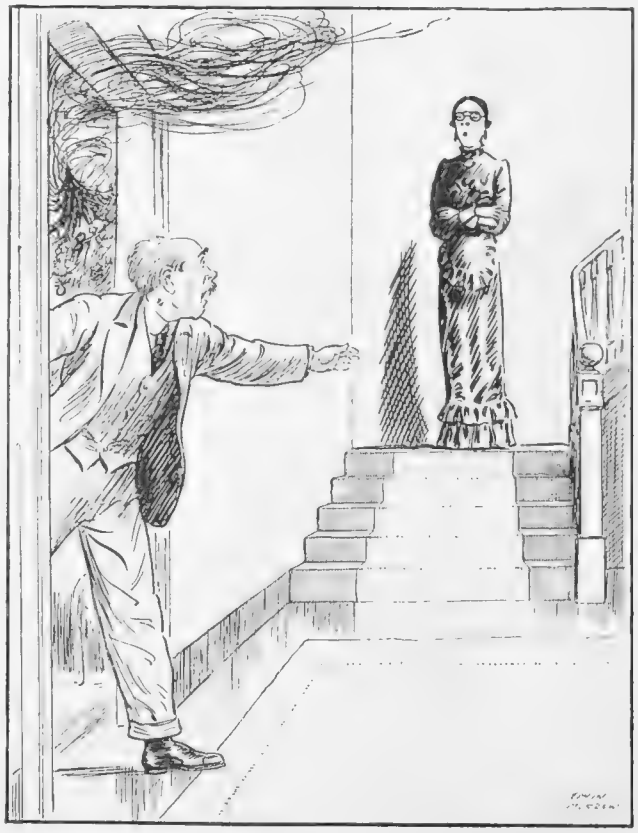
A table which was standing near
I looted of its bottled beer,
With which I biffed the chandelier.

The sideboard couldn't stand the test,
And then the gramophone went west.
(I had to get things off my chest.)

My wife went white and then went pink
To hear the glasses clash and clink.
The cat took refuge 'neath the sink.

Yet though I'm of a fiery clan,
'Tis but a flash within the pan;
I never was a sulky *man;*

And though I'm sometimes prone to wreck
Our happy home, it's true, by heck!
My temper's over in a sec.!



BY EDWIN MORROW

A DAMPER ON PROCEEDINGS

EXCITED HOST (*as Christmas tree catches fire*): "Quick, Aunt Jemima! We want a wet blanket"

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

It is time I made my New Year Resolutions,
With enthusiastic fervour I'm agog;
I will cut out beer and wine too,
And I'll walk to catch the 9.2,
And on Saturdays I'll always bath the dog.

It is time my better half had better quarters,
So I'll move into a more expensive flat:
I will let her bob her tresses,
And I'll purchase her new dresses,
And I'll let her do her talking through her hat!

I'll abridge the hours I used to spend a-Bridge-ing,
And I'll not pay taximen an extra oat;
And I'll let my youngest (Tommy),
Snare my afternoon nap from me,
And I'll never let his Nanny get my goat!

I will pay more strict attention to my diet;
I'll refuse to let my liver give me beans;
Lest the gout attack my great toes,
I'll eschew port and potatoes,
And I'll never live again on golfing greens!

Thus I trust I'll feel great moral exaltation,
And I here and now expressly beg to state,
If these vows of which I've spoken,
Should by any chance get broken,
I will make some new resolves in '28!

. . . . .

"DADDY," said Bobbie reproachfully, "I hope that this Christmas your present will atone for your past."

. . . . .

TO-DAY'S profundity:—Some people regard religion as a sort of insurance against fire in the next world.

. . . . .

A CONTRIBUTOR wants to know why there are so many Communists in our midst. Probably because there is so much roar material about.

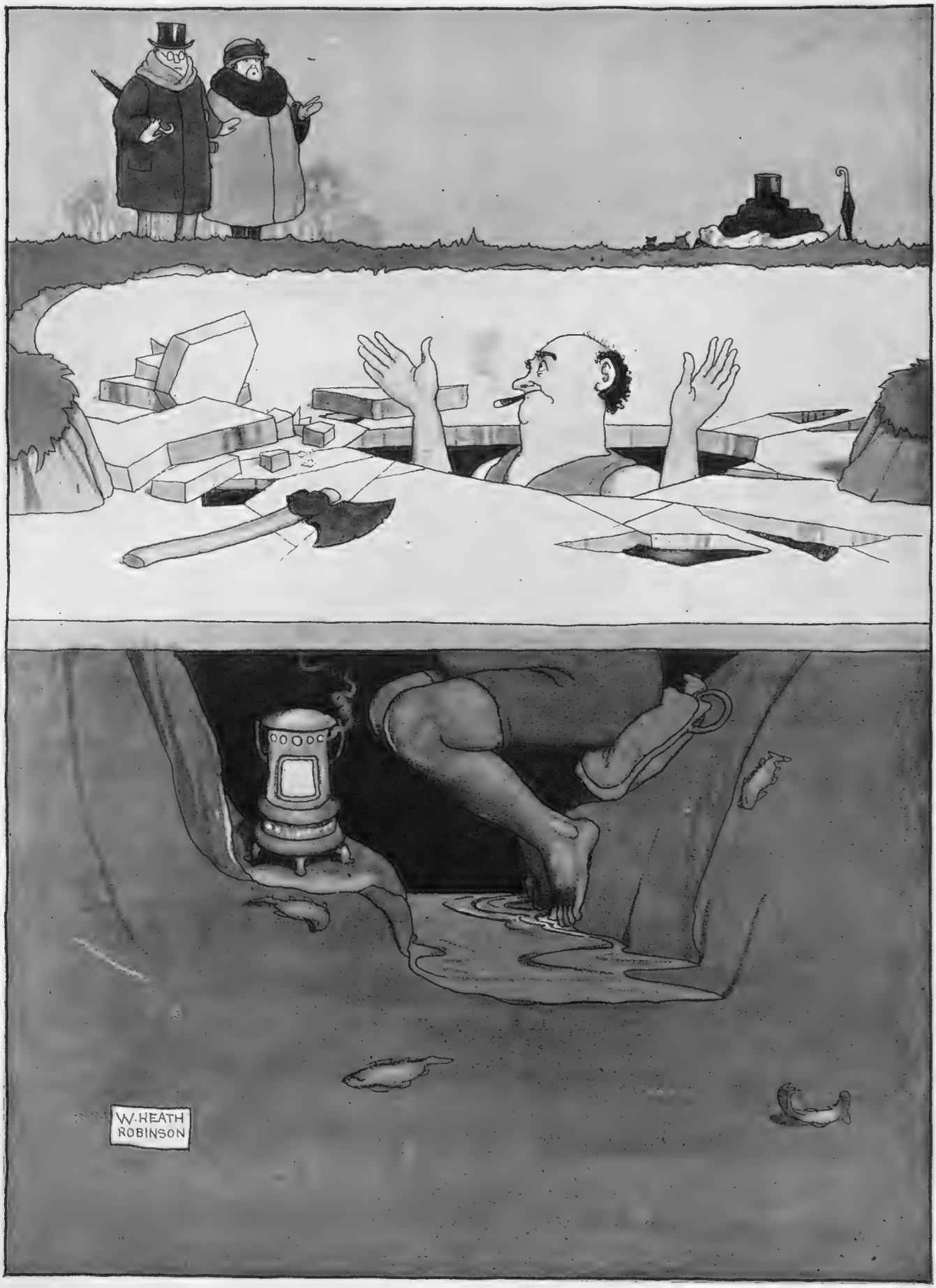
. . . . .

A VACANT situation in an astronomical observatory is advertised. That business is looking up.

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT says that bathers in the Serpentine rarely indulge in conversation. We understand they are shy of breaking the ice.

A Winter's Tale



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Unsportsmanlike action of an all-the-year-round bather in the Serpentine to impress his relations with his hardiness

A Limelight Glimpse from Paris

Gilbert René

MADEMOISELLE HARYETT

Who is one of the brightest stars of the *Concert Mayol* revue. She evidently believes in the slogan of "keep on smiling"

WHEN I was last in New York the catch-phrase of the hour was, "Dam clever, these Chinese." Whence it came, no one could tell, but everybody on and off the stage used it. No matter what you did, from being knocked down by an automobile to appraising a new cocktail, you had but to say, "Dam clever, these Chinese," to set all the bystanders in a roar. Dear little children, aren't we?

Of course the Chinese are clever. They run laundries, provide stories for pantomimes, such as Aladdin, wear pigtails, and bind up the feet of their women so that they may acquire a tottering walk, make lanterns for hanging at Christmas parties and produce an invaluable paint called Chinese White. Perhaps the cleverest thing they do is to eat vast quantities of rice. Otherwise this would have to be eaten by European children, who, rather than eat rice-pudding, would prefer to starve.

Now China has got up a private fight, thanks to the help of those benefactors of humanity, the Moscow Reds. England has a way of butting into most private fights because they nearly always affect her interests. So China is in the English newspapers and people are getting quite nervous about her. In order that you may follow the present and future campaign with intelligence, I propose extending the popular knowledge.

Most Englishmen get their ideas about the Chinese from the stage. On the stage Chinamen are invariably presented as small creatures who shuffle about all day with their hands pushed into their sleeves. The stage producer grins superciliously if you tell him that the Chinese are often tall, that they do not shuffle, and that Chinamen of rank are superbly dressed and superbly dignified. He thinks all Chinese are either coolies or mandarins, that they are little people and that they shuffle. This idea is interpreted by the actor, who is at once acclaimed by the critics for "a perfect cameo of Oriental subtlety." The critic is equipped to pay this tribute because sometimes he drinks China tea.

There has been a good deal about the chrysanthemum in the papers lately. People who sneer at donkeys for swallowing thistles have been eating a salad made of chrysanthemum leaves. Needless to say the Chinese did not invent the chrysanthemum for fodder but for decoration, and the people who eat it will find that out some day. As I shall presently show, the Chinese eat almost anything, but they do draw the line at chrysanthemums.

"They taste like the crater of Mount Vesuvius"

If your baby and a Chinese baby were born on the same day the Chinese baby would be a year older than yours, because according to Chinese reckoning a baby is one year old at birth and two on what we call its first birthday. When both babies have lived 30 years the Chinese baby will be 31 and your baby will be . . . what? Thirty? Yes, if a male baby. But not more than 24 or 25 if a female baby. Really, our customs are just as funny as theirs.

The Chinese do not kiss, though I have heard it whispered that the British Navy has done a little missionary work in this regard. What these strange people do is to kow-tow, a form of prostration. If I were a Chinese writer and took this article along to an editor, he would rise from his chair at once and kow-tow. An English editor did once rise when I entered his office, but I felt bitter when I

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found that his only purpose was to lock the safe.

Nobody ever goes away for a week-end in China, and the Stock Exchange is open on Saturdays. There are no Sundays, but plenty of feast days, and the most important of them is the New Year. It is the law that all debts must be paid before New Year's Day begins. If people owe you money, you like this law. If you owe others money, you think it is rotten. New clothes are invariably bought for wearing on New Year's Day, so that the country is a paradise for tailors, in spite of the story of Aladdin's father. What puzzles me is how you get the clothes and at the same time pay your debt for them. "Dam clever, these Chinese."

A word about Chinese dress. It is considered very unwomanly in China not to wear trousers, and very indelicate for a man not to have skirts to his coat. Well, if they're right, we're wrong. Our girls are beginning to dress like men, as you know, and they may presently insist on our taking over their skirts. No good ridiculing this arrangement when it is already the rule in so vast a country as China. Just stop and think, sweet Ann Elizabeth. If the stork at your birth had borne you to China instead of England you would now be a year older than you are, you would have to wear trousers, and you would never be kissed.

Almost the greatest hardship of being a Chinaman is that you have to eat queer food. I have already mentioned rice, which is the staple diet of the coolies, but, even if you are rich, you are always in trouble at the table. Would you like a slice of beef? Sorry. It can't be had. Let me tempt you with a little leg of dog. Yes, dog. In China, dogs are especially fed with a view to their being eaten by human beings. Instead of pork pies at the railway station buffets you get dog pies, made of anything from a Pekinese to a common or garden tripe-hound.

You were hoping that I would not touch on Chinese eggs. I'm afraid I can't help it. You and I have eaten them, because lots of them find their way over here and are labelled "Devon Farm Produce," at 2s. 6d. a dozen. Well, the reason why they taste like the crater of Mount Vesuvius after a sharp shower is that they are preserved for years in a solution of salt, lime and wood-ash. You know, it is perfectly absurd to fight a nation capable of that sort of thing. What's a hand grenade up against a Chinese egg?

If you go to dinner with a Chinaman you take a roll and a piece of cheese to save you from starvation. The soup is made from sea-slugs and the juice of antique birds' nests and should be poured inside the collar of your dress shirt. You may like sharks' fins. If not, push them under the tablecloth when your host is not looking. Even then, you may be asked to help yourself liberally to pickled fir-tree cones. The only way to get rid of these is to pretend you see rats and chuck them into all corners of the room.

After dinner your host may take you to see a man executed. Executions are more popular than kite-flying, and are gradually ousting shuttle-cock. Decapitation is the usual form. No block or resting-place for the head is used. The neck is simply outstretched to its full length and one blow leaves the body headless. This smart performance is the result of constant practice. "Dam clever, these Chinese." B. M. H.

Janet Jevons

THAT SOUTHERN SMILE!

Dorothy Seacombe as Aloma in the successful "South Seas" play of that name. This has been recently revived at the Adelphi

BY PHYLLIS

A NEW YEAR'S EVE

MAN AND

BY HOWARD K. SMICK

"SUPER"–MAN

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

TUNING UP FOR THE NEW YEAR

QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS

By OWEN OLIVER

Illustration by A. W. SINDALL

IT was a blazing hot Christmas Day in Cape Town. Most of the people at the Queen's Hotel, Sea Point, were celebrating it by picnicking, but Tarrant and Parsons refused invitations to join the outings. They watched the parties drive off; then they walked down to the seashore together. Their wives were cousins, and each of the men had known the other's wife in his boyhood; but they themselves had only become acquainted two years before, when Parsons came to South Africa, leaving his wife in England. He found that Tarrant's wife had gone home, leaving her husband behind. Since then they had grown into fast friends, though Tarrant was ten years the older. Quite recently he had nursed Parsons through an attack of enteric; and now they were spending Christmas together.

"The one thing I can't stick is a crowd of couples in assorted sexes," Parsons grunted as they strolled upon the sand. "Not that I grudge other people their good luck."

"It's mostly pretence, Sonny," Tarrant declared. "Lots of them envy us our bachelor liberty and wish they had the pluck to kick free."

"Oh, damn!" said Parsons, "Christmas Day, you know——!"

"Family sort of day, eh?" Tarrant suggested. "Let's squat under a boulder and watch the sea splash, and pity the poor devils freezing in England. . . . *You* haven't so much to grouse about. Your wife didn't run away with another man."

"You don't absolutely know that Sybil did," Parsons remarked.

"Our final row was about that bounder Maitland; and she left Bloemfontein the very night that he did."

"Your 'tecs couldn't trace them going together," Parsons protested. He had liked Sybil Tarrant when he was a boy, and he felt bound to say what he could for her.

"If they had, I'd have been a free man," Tarrant growled. "They took false names, of course! Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, on one of the boats."

"Sybil never struck me as that sort. Of course, she was an A1 little flirt. She used to play me up finely when I was eighteen and she was four-and-twenty! But she was a very proper miss. She told me off like an aunt over a little affair of mine that she found out. I don't like to think——"

"Do you suppose *I* do?" Tarrant snapped. "I looked upon my wife as—as *my wife*. Now I look upon her as a . . . Too hot to get excited . . . Those fools can't handle that cutter. They could sail her closer than that."

"Tide's bearing her round."

"Tide! Bah! The jib's too big for the mainsail. She'd stand up all right if they slacked it off. . . . I daresay that was my fault with Syb. I tried to sail her too close to the wind. . . . Well, I've got rid of a damned troublesome little craft. . . . Things can never come right between Sybil and me."

Tarrant knocked out his pipe and refilled it.

"Or between Bet and me," Parsons declared. "I'm happier away from her—my own master; but just at Christmas time . . . It's the home I miss. The old *mater* used to say you can't keep Christmas anywhere except at home. You and I have come down to a 'Queen's Christmas'—without the queens! Bet queened it a bit too much. Bossy little demon; that was the trouble."

"Umph!" Tarrant searched his pockets. "Got a match? . . . Thanks. . . . All women are either bossy or soppy. You'd soon get sick of a sop. So long as your wife's an honest woman you can let the little devil think she queens it over you, and put your tongue in your cheek. . . . Your Bet was a school kid when I knew her. She seemed all right then."

"Oh, she was all right. So was I. Flint and steel are all right till you rub them together."

"No harm in a few sparks. Amusing! . . . What's on my mind, young Harry, is that I'm not clear that you and your Bet have anything between

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you except pigheadedness. . . . Those idiots can't even sail the cutter before the wind. If they don't mind they'll gybe. . . . When you had the fever you kept shouting for 'Bet.'"

"If you had the fever very likely you'd shout for 'Syb.' It wouldn't follow that you'd have her back."

"There isn't any reason why you shouldn't have Betty back if you wanted to."

"I don't; and she wouldn't come. She said so."

"Said! Is she the unnatural sort of woman who means what she says?"

"Well, I'm that sort of man. I said I'd never ask her."

"Do you ever want to?"

"No . . . at least . . . If I hadn't said I wouldn't, I might; but I should be a bally idiot. You've no idea what a handful she was."

"A big handful's a nice little armful!"

"Why didn't you apply that principle?"

"Another chap's armful!"

"You don't absolutely know that she was. . . . If you'd had her followed up you might have found out, you know . . . I hadn't anything to follow Bet up for; but if I gave in and asked her to come back, there'd be no holding her."

"You could ask her to come back, *if she wanted to*; and say that you did it because she was a woman and couldn't ask."

"She said she hated me."

"Oh, said! . . . They've gybed. I knew they would! Look at the mess they're in. Like you! And Betty. You're entitled to be pigheaded over your own life, but not over hers."

"What business have you to interfere in our affairs?" Parsons grunted. "Look after your own!"

"They're past righting, old man. Yours, perhaps, aren't."

"Of course, if I thought she wanted to make it up I'd stretch a point," Parsons conceded. "Two Christmases ago she said, 'If ever we have a really awful row, we won't let it go over Christmas, will we?' I half expected a card last Christmas."

"Perhaps *she* did," Tarrant suggested, "and was ready to make it up."

"Well . . . I might send a cable, 'Merry Christmas'; but it's not much good making it up when you're sure to quarrel again next week. . . . They don't seem able to get the sail up again."

"Tackle broken, I expect."

"Like ours did!"

"No. Sybil's and mine did. You and Betty could pull up sail again. . . . What's that Johnny coming over to us about?"

They watched a Cape Boy approaching them from the hotel.

"Cable for Misser Parsons," he announced. "Just come. Marconi cable from ship."

He handed over the "cable" and went. Parsons stared at the envelope.

"I'm afraid to open it," he remarked.

"Afraid it's from Betty?" Tarrant enquired.

"No; afraid it isn't. Suppose anything has happened to her?"

"Here. Give it to me." Tarrant opened it; laughed. "It's all right. Signed 'Betty.' She's coming to you."

"When?"

"*Durbanian*. . . . Due in this afternoon. About one thirty."

"I say! . . . Old man! . . . *Old man!* . . . Little Bet! *Funny little Bet!* . . . I'll let her rag me as much as she pleases after this. I'll never forgive myself that I wasn't the one to give in."

"Read the cable," Tarrant said.

Parsons snatched it.

"*I'm on 'Durbanian.' Thank you for asking me to come. Many happy Christmases.*—BET."

"Asking her to come?" Parsons gasped. "But I didn't!"

"I wrote in your name, when you had the fever and were shouting, 'Bet,'" Tarrant explained. "No use worrying you about it, unless an answer came. I didn't think of this. Rather awkward her coming, if you don't want her."

He grinned.

"*If* I don't want her! Like to see me turn a summersault."

"Don't be a fool!"

"I am. . . . Funny old Bet! . . . "What did you say in the letter?"

"I wrote it as if it was dictated by you," Tarrant confessed. "If you give me away——"

"*I* shan't give you away. She'd rather it came from me, you see. What did you say, you unprincipled bounder?"

"I said something like this: 'I am down with fever, so I'm getting Dick Tarrant to write. The doctor says I'm through the danger. It has made me think, because when I was ill I wanted you. Perhaps, if you were ill, you'd want me? Rather awful if we pegged out and never saw each other again. If you feel like that, too, suppose we have another shot at seeing if we can't agree. If we can't help rows we might have fun enough to make up for them.' I tried to write like you would dictate, you see."

"You got me to a 't,'" Parsons approved. He rubbed his hands.

"I added a few lines on my own; mentioned that we were coming here for Christmas, and she'd have just time to send a card if she wanted to. Then I did the much older friend stunt a bit; said I knew you were fond of her from the way you shouted for her when you were delirious. 'Hold my hand, Bet. . . . Twist your funny little fingers round mine. . . . I'm sorry, Bet. Now say you are.' . . . I told her that I used to get 'the dear little nurse' to hold your hand. That's what's fetched her; picturing a pretty little nursie, with designs upon you."

"Shouldn't wonder. Anything else?"

"I said I was only advising you both to do what I'd do in your place."

"Um-m-m! I wonder if Sybil has seen her, and what she's said. . . . They probably *have* met, you know."

"I thought of that. I said, 'If there was nothing which rendered reconciliation impossible, and I gathered that in your case there wasn't; as there was between Sybil and me, though she will always be my one and only.' I didn't say whose fault it was. No doubt Sybil has put it down to me. . . . Well, Betty's jumped at your offer like a girl who's fond of you. Remember that next time she's breezy."

"I shall remember it, old man; and you . . . I wish to heaven I could do something to put *your* affair right; but, of course, some things you can't."

"Some things," Tarrant agreed, "you can't. . . . Well, you get down to meet the boat. Keep your family Christmas out of my sight as much as you can. I shall remove myself this afternoon. I'll try to pluck up and come in and give you my blessing at tea."

Half an hour before tea Tarrant was sitting upon the sand, pouring handfuls through his fingers, when someone touched his shoulder. He looked up and saw his wife!

"Sybil!" he cried. "You!"

"Me!" she said. "I gathered from your letter to Betty that you thought . . . What you were a beast to think . . . Well, I suppose I can't grumble. I went off just then to make you think what would hurt you. My word, I was in a rage with you, and you jolly well deserved . . . Well, you didn't deserve that I should come out to you, did you? . . . Dick . . . I've never seen Maitland since I left you; and I never cared a little d for him . . . You said in the letter that I was the 'one and only'; but perhaps you've found someone else since then——?"

"Sybil? My dear girl! I haven't."

"Sit behind this boulder. They can't see us then. Oh, you little devil!"

"You old pig! . . . To think that perhaps we've another fifty years to quarrel! And Bet and Harry, too."

"Charming," he said; "but I shan't dare hit back to-day; and poor Harry Parsons won't either. This is the queens' Christmas! . . . My word, I'm glad to have you back, Syb."

"I thought perhaps you would be," she said.

O. O.

The Spoils of Victory

I.N.A.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD

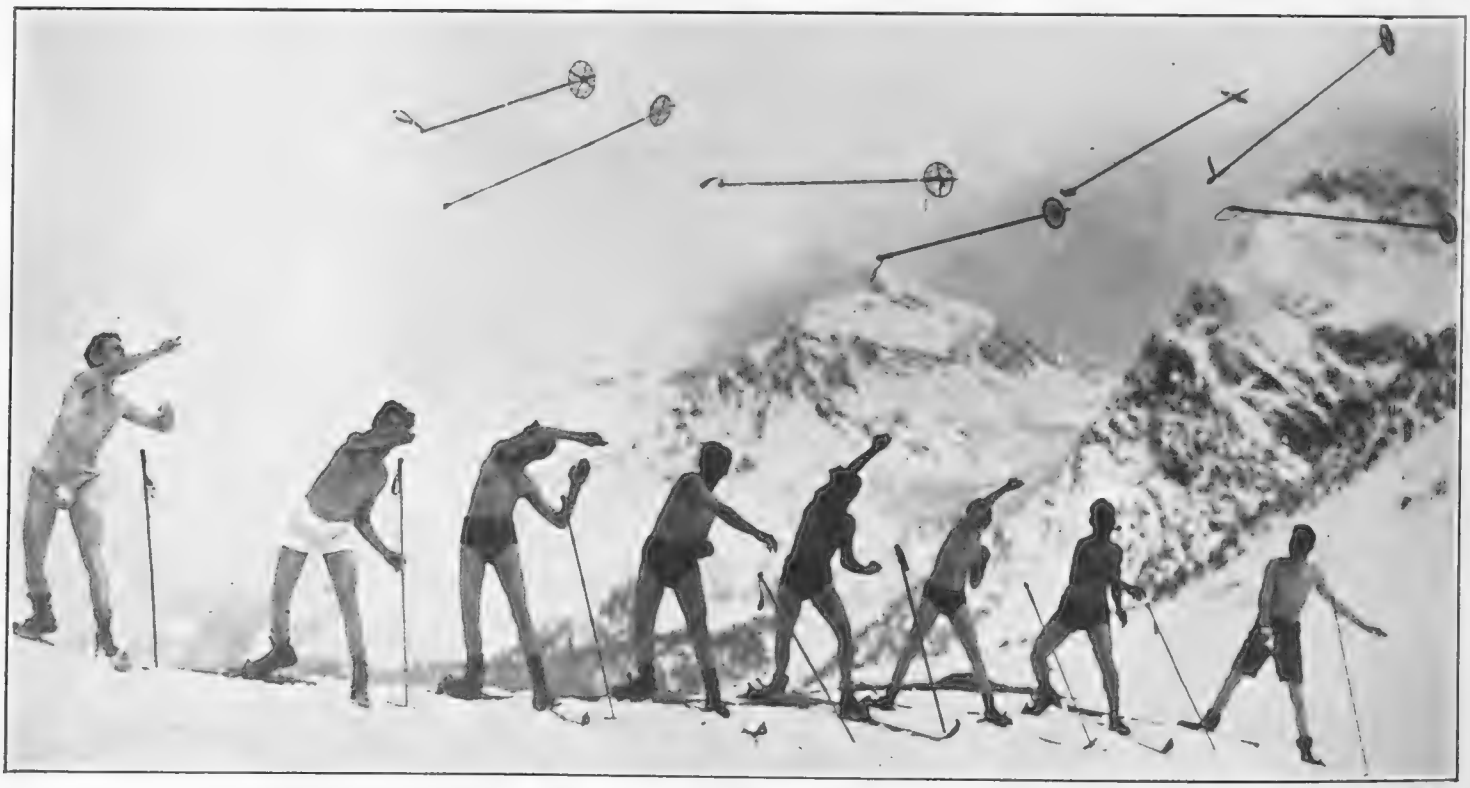
As Jerry Lamar, the chorus girl, in Avery Hopwood's play, "The Gold Diggers," examining one of the results of her "vamping" exploits. The play is at the Lyric Theatre—the Shaftesbury Avenue, not the Hammersmith one

Snow Men—and Women—Who

Sport and General

WHERE FALLS GO BEFORE PRIDE

The Badrutt slopes at St. Moritz, where many a novice has taken his tosses before reaching the proud eminence of a second- or first-class ski-runner. There are few more ideal settings than this in which to take one's first steps on skis



P. & A.

A WINTER FRIEZE

This group of ski-runners at Arosa recalls the javelin throwers of ancient Greece. In spite of their Spartan costume, the brilliant sunshine of the high Alps saves them from any inconvenience from cold

Found a Place in the Winter Sun

A BOBLET FOR TWO *Central Press*

Mr. A. Marvis and Miss Tucker, who are among the visitors to St. Moritz, photographed while out for a spin. The boblet or two-seater bob-sleigh has an amazing turn of speed when in capable hands

Central Press

WINTER SAILS AGAIN

This kind of white sail is one which appeals chiefly to those ladies who are strong on their skates. The photograph is of the Captain of the St. Moritz Ladies' Ice Sailing Club running before the breeze on the rink

P. & A.

MAKING HIS MARK

A striking photograph, taken at Arosa, of a ski-runner climbing a slope of virgin snow. There are high hopes of an exceptionally good sports season this winter

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Une jeune fille aux allures inquiétantes

Mes Amis—

When one has had so much enjoyment out of a "show" as that which is offered by the new revue at the Casino de Paris perhaps it seems a little captious to begin by criticising, and yet it is for that that the inclination is strongest. It seems such a pity that a wonderful ship should be spoiled for what, after all, does not amount to much more than a ha'porth of tar. What is lacking, to my mind, is some good material with which Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée can operate. Chevalier, *bien entendu*, is such a born merry-maker that he can be excellent entertainment with just Chevalierisms, but that is not really a sufficiency for a whole evening. Some aid, or variety, ought to be provided by the people who furnish the songs and the dances.

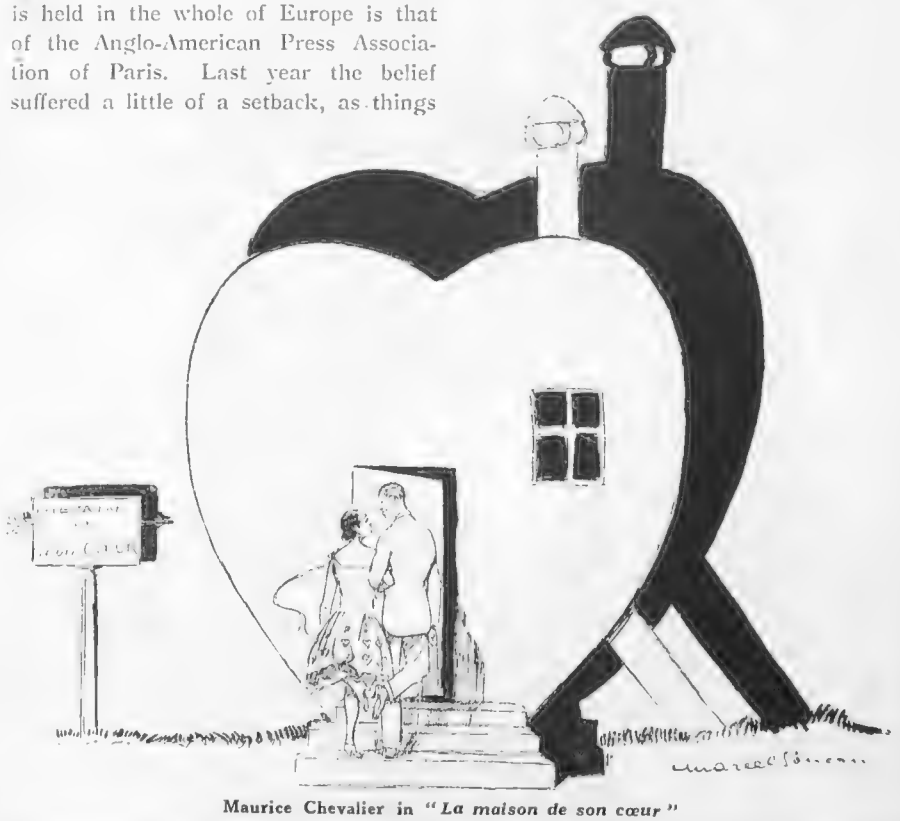
On this occasion Maurice is given scarcely one really lively song, and Yvonne Vallée fares ever so much worse, as exceedingly little is heard or seen of her. The folk who prepare the Casino revues cannot be lacking in inventiveness, for the fertility of imagination that is shown is extraordinary. But it appears to exhaust itself on the spectacular side. *Par exemple*, the setting for the Chevalier-Vallée song, "Mon Cœur," is delightful. But one would have to exaggerate a great deal to say that the song is worth it. A few really gay songs would be ever so much more enjoyable. A mixture of seven-eighths background and one-eighth artiste, when the artiste is Chevalier, is an absurd proportion. It is *d'après la mode Folies-Bergère*, one is quite aware, but that fashion is a Folies-Bergère weakness, and, moreover, the Folies-Bergère has not a Chevalier to make use of, anyway.

This touch of spleen worked off, let it be sincerely said that *Paris*, as the Casino revue is called, after a song which is as uninspiriting as most of the others, is one of the brightest and most efficient combinations ever gathered in a Paris music-hall. It is exceptionally strong in the dancing, with the Rowe Sisters—who can give a lot of points to the Dollys in certain respects — Bradford and Hamilton, Edmonde Guy and Van Duren, and Pasquali. Pasquali has the funniest dance that has been seen in Paris for months. As for the spectacular effects, we have been so favoured with gorgeousness that the mere maintenance of the standard is a triumph.

It is the belief of its members that the liveliest dinner party which is held in the whole of Europe is that of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris. Last year the belief suffered a little of a setback, as things did not go as well as usual at the Abbaye de Thélème, and, had it not been for the valiant efforts of Josephine Baker and the others of the Negro Revue the evening would have been rather flat. But this year at the Claridge all the old gaiety was rekindled, and belief in précedence is restored. And this, despite an admission that the *numéros* of the amateurs were lamentably feeble, with the exception of George Adam, who delivered a lot of witty gibes which mingled at a disadvantage with the popping of corks. In a competition between sparkling wit and sparkling wet there was an unfairness of handicap between George and the Widow Clicquot. However, the amateurs had a lot of sorrows to drown. Going down three times was their just fate.

But the professional "amusers" were *épatants*. Half the variety artistes of Paris were on the bill, and, for some suspected reason, they were endowed with a spontaneity which they do not often display on their habitual boards. Nobody will ever be able to deny now that Josephine Baker is irrepressible. The dusky Josephine announced a most unexpected determination that she would not "go on," her jazz orchestra having been lost in the mazes of the one-way street

(*Continued on page 966*)



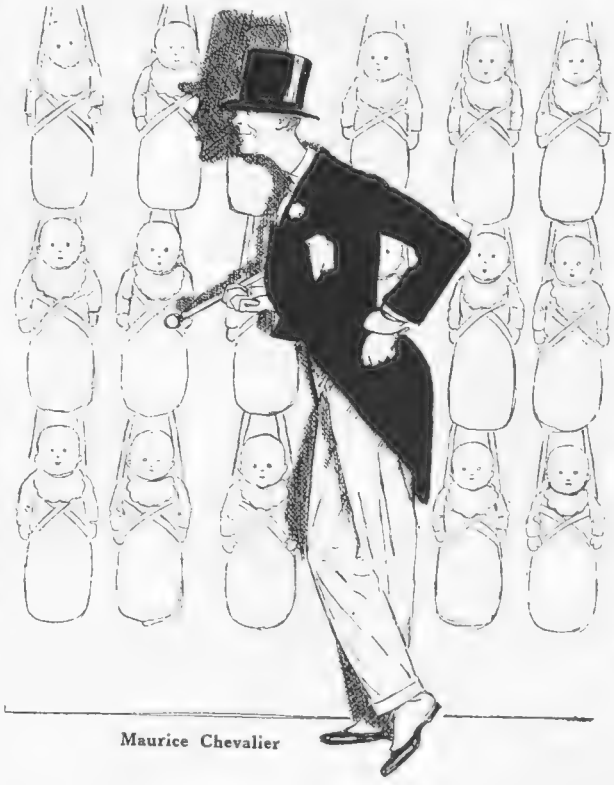
Maurice Chevalier in *"La maison de son cœur"*

A Handsome Reflection

BY STAN TERRY

CUSTOMER: "I want something for myself. Er—something that will give me pleasure every time I look at it"
JEWELLER (*gallantly*): "Certainly, madam. I'll show you some of our hand mirrors"

regulations. This determination was only overcome by the despatching of scouts to unravel the traffic puzzle—the Prefect being present, it was easy to put the sleuth-hounds on the right track—but Josephine, having been got "on" through the production of her "jazz," executed *revanche* for the incident by declining to "come off," and held the floor for nearly forty minutes. It was only after she had forced Marcel into a frantically giddy Charleston, and then some fifteen other partners, including a world-famous politician, that she decided it was the moment to say "*Bon soir.*"



Maurice Chevalier

THERE is a somewhat piquant incidental interest in the revival of Henry Bernstein's *La Griffe* at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, which has had much success after twenty years of oblivion. One of the *personages* is an *emancipée* with gifts in sculpture, who lives *en garçon*, and is considered to have *allures un peu inquiétantes*. This comes as a profound surprise to spectators of the modern generation. By the folk of the age it was a generally accepted belief that the *garçonne* was the invention, or at least the discovery, of Victor Margueritte, brought to the attention of Paris, and the smaller world outside, by his book of four or five years ago. They thought their elders had never heard of such a free-living and free-loving person. And here is proof that free-living, at any rate, was sufficiently known over twenty years ago for a dramatist to have heard of it. It is rather a blow for the younger generation to learn that they are no more "advanced" than their elders, even in questionable methods of living, wherein they imagined they had a complete monopoly.

THERE is a firm of alarm-clock makers in Paris which had been seeking advertisement by gratuitously acting as knocker-up—by telephone. You fixed the waking-hour and they set the telephone bell ringing. Weren't they flattered when MM. Poincaré, Briand, and Morain (Prefect of Police) were entered on their list, all for the exemplary hour of five a.m. *Quelle réclame.* Next morning the bells were set banging, and each of the gentlemen was informed, "*C'est la Maison X.*" M. Poincaré, stolid Lorrainer, coldly hung up the receiver without a word. M. Briand let loose the full force of his Breton vocabulary, which is reserved for appropriate occasions. M. Morain sent two of his plain-clothes men round to the Maison X to ascertain what exactly they meant by taking such liberties with the great of the land. Now the Maison X wants signatures of prospective clients witnessed by a notary.

MONTE CARDO, the new card game, has become "quite a passion" among the American colony of Paris. Since Ann Schumacher wrote a long, enthusiastic article about it in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, the American family which does not possess one is looked upon as hopelessly out of touch by the people in the smartest circles—the worst possible blow for hustling Americans in these days.

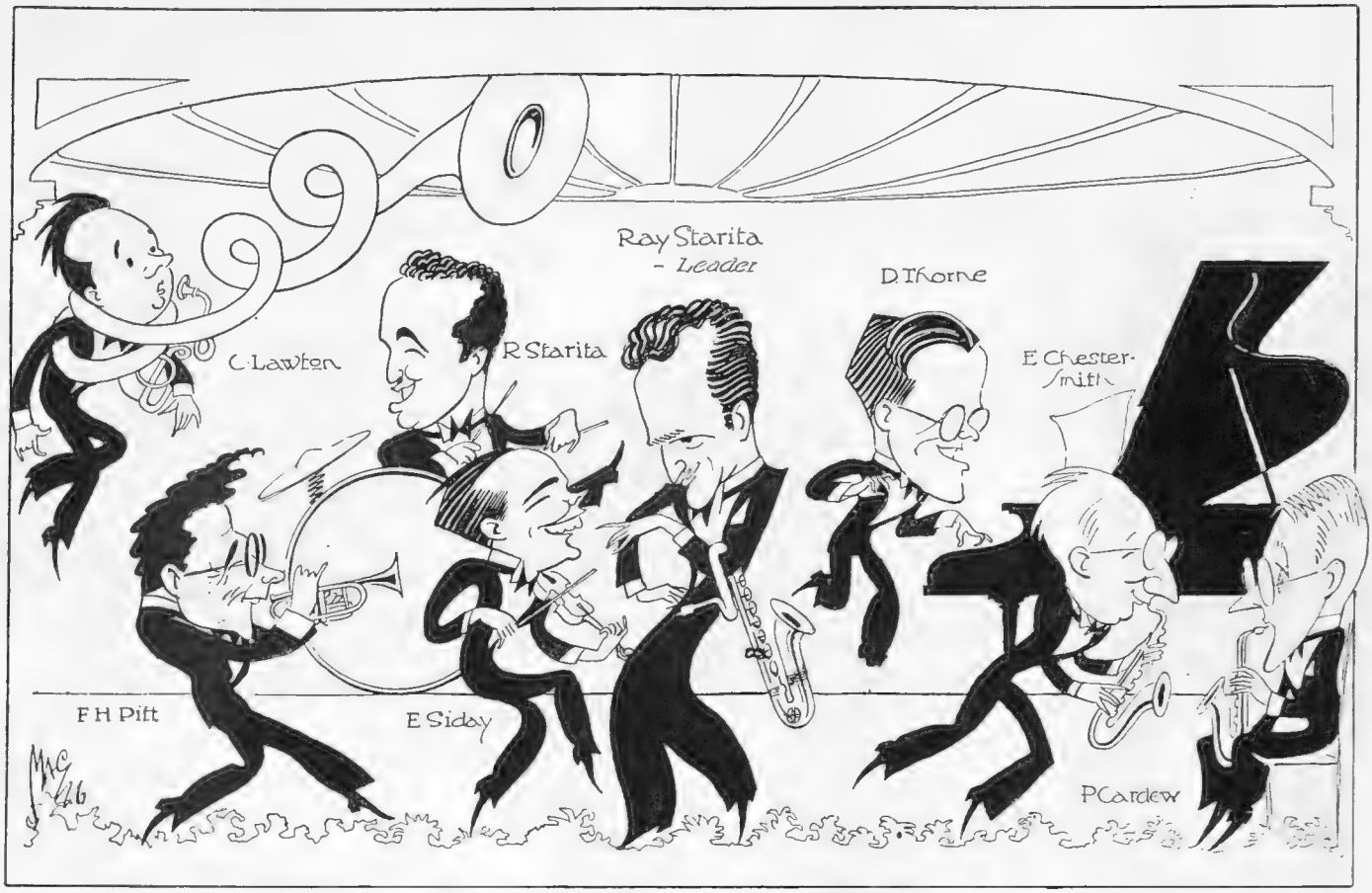
RENÉ.

PYJAMA TIME ON THE LIDO

Some of the chorus of 'Lido Lady," the successful new musical comedy at the Gaiety, as they appear in one of the musical numbers. This really amusing show is playing to large houses

L.N.A.

More London Bands in Action



PICCADILLY PERSONALITIES

Some of those who add to the gaiety of nations at the Piccadilly Hotel. Ray Starita and his Piccadilly Revellers as they are to be found hard at it discoursing sweet music for the dancing "fans" every evening

BY MAC

METROPOLE MUSICIANS

An impression of Jay Whidden and his band in full blast. They are to be seen *and* heard at the Hotel Metropole, in Northumberland Avenue

Alfieri

TOURNAMENT TIME

Lieut.-Colonel C. Cumming and Mrs. Carr consult the "book of words." The photograph was taken at the recent lawn tennis tournament at Cannes

Topical

GOLF AND BRIDGE

Miss Davies crossing the bridge to the 19th tee during a round on the Valescure golf course at St. Raphael. Golf is now in full swing on the Riviera

E. Navello

ABOARD THE LUGGER

A photograph taken on board the yacht "Ethleen" at Monte Carlo. The photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Claude Graham White and Miss B. Graham White

The Riviera Week by Week

PRINCE HENRY has certainly had royal weather for the whole of his visit to the Duke of Connaught, and has lived out of doors all the time. He seemed to take a special fancy to the Cannes Country Club, and played golf there nearly every day. His excellent recovery from the effects of his recent operation is one more testimonial to the bracing and curative winter climate which is our chief asset on this part of the Mediterranean shores. The Duke of Connaught is now well again and in fine form, and has been out quite a good deal.

MONTE CARLO has filled up nicely during the past week, and there is a great deal of lavish entertaining going on. During the day one has the opportunity of a round of golf up at Mont Agel, where the mountain air is guaranteed to ensure an appetite to the most dyspeptic visitor, or an hour or two at the first tennis tournament of the season at the famous La Festa courts now in progress. The contests began in brilliant sunshine, and among the many competitors were the Marquess of Cholmondeley (who motored over from Cannes daily in his very smart yellow Hispano-Suiza), General H. Gordon, Colonel Buchanan, Colonel Wilkinson, Major Northen, and Messrs. Charles Aeschliman, Brame Hillyard, Crawshay Williams, Ashmead Bartlett, A. C. Hunter, Wallis Myers, Sherring, and Brugnon; and among the ladies Mrs. O'Neill, Miss du Cros, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Miss Petchell, Mrs. Colman, and Miss Rodwell. The entries are well in advance of those of last year, and the daily attendance has comprised well-known people from all parts of the Riviera. Play has been keen, and this is the nearest approach to anything in the shape of warfare we have seen near the Franco-Italian frontier! A more peaceful spot would be hard to find, and some of the scaremongers ought to come South and see this for themselves. Tennis seems to grow in popularity every winter.

SIR JOHN and Lady Simon have arrived at Monte Carlo, and are staying at the Metropole, and other guests there include Lord and Lady Forester and the Hon. Cecil Weld-Forester, the Hon. George Glyn, Mrs. Forbes Angus, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chichester. Helena Lady Young is at the Royal, Lady (James) Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Towers-Clarke at the Helder, General and Mrs. Weir at the Balmoral, Sir Thomas and Lady Wilton and Jane Lady Maxwell at the Windsor, and Lady Hilda Murray—who was recently visiting the Hanburys at La Mortola—Colonel H. B. Wilkinson and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carson at the Riviera Palace. The Grand Duke Dimitri of Russia and his rich American bride, now to be known as Princess Ilonski, are also expected at the latter hotel in a few days, and will doubtless become a centre of interest after their smart wedding at Biarritz.

THE Sporting Club is living up to its international reputation for gaiety, and the latest fashions in dress and jewellery dazzle the eye of the newcomer, accustomed, perhaps, to somewhat less startling scenes. But many things are permissible in the heated atmosphere of a casino or a gambling club which would look quite out of place in a more sedate setting. In the restaurant adjoining well-known faces are to be seen every night.

MR. RENE BLUM is providing us with a fine series of productions at the

BY "THE CHEESE" *E. Navello*

The Prince and Princess Melikoff out walking at Monte Carlo. They are by the side of the famous flower-bed in front of the Casino

E. Navello

AT MONTE CARLO

Mr. F. Houlder, Sir Harry Samuel and Sir Davison Dalziel face the camera man at Monte Carlo. The Monte Carlo season is now in full swing

Alfieri

TENNIS AT CANNES

Commander J. Hillyard and Lady Wavertree photographed at the Professional Tennis Tournament. This was held at the Carlton Lawn Tennis Club at Cannes

Alfieri

WHERE THE SUN SHINES

Lord and Lady Dunedin photographed on their way to watch the Professional Tennis Tournament at the Carlton Lawn Tennis Club, Cannes

Topical

ON THE VALESCURE LINKS

Mr. Lloyd George, who was an early arrival on the Riviera, with Colonel Ronald Brooke. The photograph was taken on the famous Valescure golf course

Theatre, and one of the most interesting was Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound," presented by the whole of the company from the Comédie des Champs-Elysées at Paris. The classical concerts are also a great success, and our musical programme was never so good as it is this season. After all, there are many visitors to Monte Carlo who are not devoted to *roulette* or *chemin de fer*, and sports and music are needed to keep them amused.

Further along the coast the arrival of the past week was that of Mr. Lloyd George, who duly arrived by car from Marseilles, accompanied by his wife and daughter. I hear his first enquiry on reaching the Golf Hotel at Valescure was as to whether or not there were any politicians there, and he followed this up by saying he did not mind being photographed, but he would on no account be interviewed. This seems to indicate that he has really come for a holiday, although he has a private secretary with him. Sir Reginald and Lady Ford are near neighbours of his at the Beau-Rivage Hotel, and there are now a large number of players at the Valescure Golf Club, who will observe with interest the form of Mr. Lloyd George at his favourite game.

Lord Queenborough's fine yacht, the *Tuscarora*, formerly a familiar feature in Cannes harbour, when, under the name of the *Restless*, it was owned by Lord Tredegar, has been here again, and is now cruising about in the neighbourhood, with Lord and Lady Queenborough and some friends on board. Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse are at last moving back into their much-improved Villa Mariposa, with its fine views over the Lerin Islands and the Esterel Mountains, and many of the other big villas in the Californie district now contain house-parties for the Christmas holidays. The hotels are reporting many fresh arrivals daily, and among other guests are Sir Charles and Lady Bedford, who come to Cannes each year, Colonel McCalmont, Lady Wavertree—who is never very far away when the tennis tournaments begin—and Mr. and Mrs. Brame Hillyard. The professional championship matches at the Carlton were a great success, and drew excellent attendances.

The Duchess of Manchester and her daughter, Lady Louise Montagu, Lord Falconer (heir to the Earl of Kintore), Sir Thomas and Lady Talbot Power, Lady Fox, and the Aga Khan are staying in Nice, but arrivals are still fewer than expected. The Parc Imperial Tennis Club is busy preparing for the first of its tournaments, and is noted for the very cosmopolitan character of its membership. American visitors seem to predominate in the town at present, and many have come South by sea on one of the Mediterranean cruises now so popular. During the coming season we shall have a long list of ocean liners calling at Villefranche or Monaco, and many passengers arrange to stay for some time on the Riviera.

Sir Leslie and Lady Rundle, who have been staying at Hyères for a month, have now come on to Menton. Sir James Wallis (a Chief Justice of Madras), Mr. Trench (the publisher), Judge Shortt, and Sir Rowland Bailey (Controller of H.M. Stationery Office) are also in Menton; while Sir Courtenay Musgrave and Sir Albert Seymour are visiting the Hon. Lady Musgrave. The wonderful spell of brilliant weather has enabled visitors to make many pleasant excursions into the glorious country around Menton and the Italian frontier. This is *par excellence* the winter holiday resort, and the disasters in Florida and the too frequent tornados in other winter resorts like Madeira only serve to emphasise the safety and the attractions of the French Riviera. And it is good to hear that the hotel prices are at last showing a tendency to come down a bit, which was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Douglas W. Thorburn.

RUGGER REACTIONS

TRIALS THAT BESET US

By "PENDARVES"

It is a period of trial. All the club games have gone West in consequence. But it doesn't matter. It is the Cap that counts. I have seen the "Not-Very-Likelys" play the "P'raps"; the "Maybes" playing the "Shouldn't-Think-Sos"—and there now only remains to see "England-With-A-Query" against "Those-Others" at Twickenham on Saturday next.

I have seen two English Trials, and one (secret) Scotch Trial, and I have opinions. So have the Selection Committee—but that by the way. One thing seems very clear as regards both countries. The doddering old men, with their International caps covered with mildew in the glass cases, are by no means done with yet. It is very unfair having to write Rugger notes on a Sunday, all on your own, when, elsewhere, the English Selection Committee are actually engaged at this very moment in picking their final Trial team *v.* The Rest; and in another place (Uncle John's hospitable house presumably) the Scottish Lairds of the Game are choosing the Scotland side *v.* France. For whatever I say I am bound to be wrong.

Scotland, of course, have only got one old man, Drysdale. You cannot call Jimmy Dykes and Herbert Waddell and Jim Nelson old. They are boys at a prep. school compared with people like "Wakers" and Cove-Smith and Tom Voyce and Locke and Corbett. Drysdale is apparently playing as well as ever at full back; I haven't seen him this season. And even if he is not, there is young Andy Dykes, of the London Scottish and Glasgow 'Accies, ready to step into his place. Nearly all the "probables" for Scotland are just approaching or have reached the zenith of their Rugby careers—they are not on the downward grade.

Some of ours are. And yet when one sees the sort of games put up by Tom Voyce, Wakers, Corbett, Locke, and Cove-Smith in the trials one says "these men cannot be left out." Of Wakefield's continuation there has never been any question, although he is nearing thirty years of age, and has played 29 times for England. In other words, we are in such a "flat spin" about our 1927 side that we are falling back once again on the old 'uns. Far be it from me to say this is a mistake. I think it has immense advantages in many ways. For the great asset in an international match is experience and aplomb during that awful time of stress and noise.

They said that Tom Voyce in the first trial at Birmingham, after being the same racing terror in the loose as formerly, faded out of the picture in the second half, owing to the pace of the game. Nothing of the sort occurred. He could not find any scraps to get into, that was all. And when he is not bullocking about in the loose, you don't notice Tom Voyce—that is all. Now Scotland this year have got a pack of terrific scrummagers—they usually have. Men who can and will go full out, brainily, from beginning to end. Against this sort of attack you want imperturbability coupled with pace. Whether we have got those two attributes forward remains to be seen. Personally, I think we have.

Our halves are our weak point. If those ligaments of Waddell's ankle heal soundly, he and Nelson together are still the finest pair of half-backs since the Kershaw-Davies reign. We have an embryonic pair in the Harlequin duet, Worton and Laird, capable of *almost*, but not quite, holding their own against these cunning Scotsmen. In the Birmingham trial these two were allowed to play together, and jolly well they played. In the Exeter trial they were separated, and consequently neither shone. Arthur Young has never really recovered from the continual bashing he got in the South African tour, and should be dispensed with. His game at Exeter showed that clearly.

The three-quarter line of both countries is full of interest. When I saw the Glasgow-Edinburgh game—in effect a trial—I said to myself, and others were with me, "There you are: Macpherson, Ian Smith, Jimmy Dykes, and Simmers." A hot proposition. Now they have dropped that finished wing, Simmers, and brought in E. G. Taylor, of Loretto and Oxford. He did not impress me in the least in the Varsity match. However, they know best. If we can have Sir T. G. Devitt, Corbett, and Locke (or Aslett) in the centre and that plucky and extremely fast little man, Wainwright (who seems able to play anywhere on the field), on the other wing, we shan't do so badly after all.

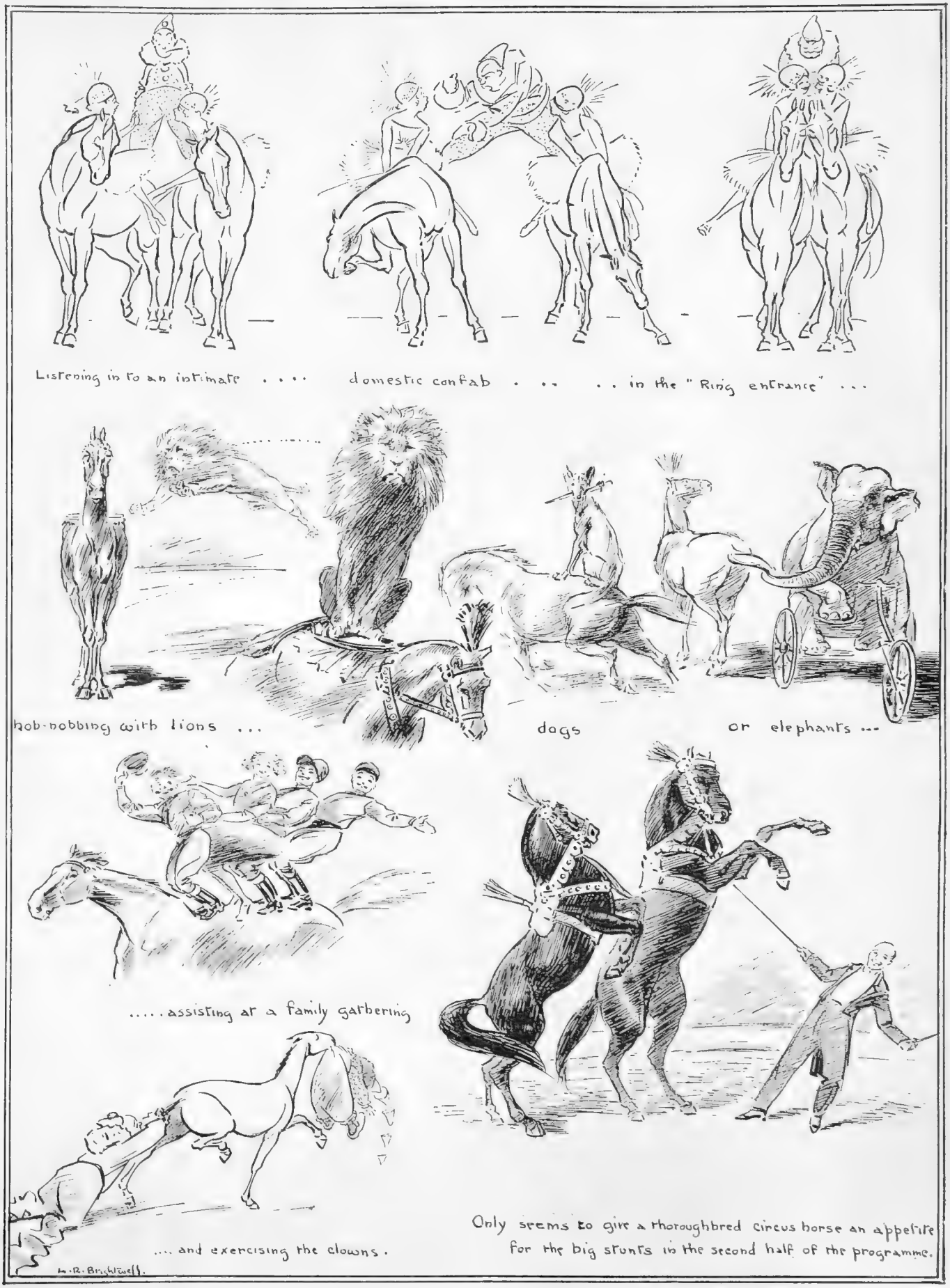
Of the full backs, I still think Hubbard is a better choice than Wallens in a crisis. The coolness of the former is supreme on all occasions, and his touch finding is longer, though he is a wee bit slow at times in reaching his man.

But it is a long time to March yet. And there are Wales and Ireland to be coped with by both countries meantime. Yet one dwells, perhaps unduly, on the England-Scotland sides, because somehow or other that seems to have been the game of games through the long vista of all the seasons.

TYBALT'S DEATH

A scene from "Romeo and Juliet" as played by the Hurstpierpoint College Shakespeare Society. Hurstpierpoint is one of the famous Woodard schools

Animal Spirits at the Olympia Circus



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Once again Mr. Bertram Mills leads into the ring the lady we were all in love with in the days when we were six years old—Miss Circus. Those of us who are not *really* old will love her more ardently than ever this year, and as for the rising generation . . . ! Our artist has portrayed only the equine artists, since to do full justice to the others would be impossible, even on a "Bystander" page. For the Olympia programme is *full* of plums—and every plum is a peach!

RACING NOTIONS By "CARBINE"

Bright N.H. Sport

It is difficult to remember a brighter National Hunt season up to Christmas. I suppose the open weather is largely responsible for the success so far of winter racing. Most of the meetings have been well attended, which is rather an awkward fact for those pessimists who predicted that the jumping season would be a dead failure by reason of the operation of the Betting Tax. Taken all round, the sport has been most entertaining. Even the selling steeplechases, which in the past have often been dreary affairs, appear to have panned out much more entertainingly than usual. The progress of the novices in hurdle-racing has been a constant source of interest. Each week seems to have revealed a newcomer of considerable promise, but at the moment there is not the slightest doubt as to which is the champion of the young performers over the obstacles.

A Young Champion

The palm belongs indisputably to Zeno. After this colt had won his first two races and Royal Falcon had been similarly successful, George Duller told me with some emphasis that the latter was in his opinion the best of the novices seen out up to that time. I did not like to contradict such a good judge as this celebrated jockey, but I had my own views on the subject. I had been greatly impressed by Zeno's success at Sandown Park. Since then he has gained further triumphs at Lingfield and Gatwick. His performance at the last-named meeting was one of the most brilliant we have seen in hurdle-racing for a long time. It swept away all doubts as to which was the smartest of the young hurdlers. I am wondering whether Zeno will be able to maintain his supremacy until the end of the jumping season. It must be borne in mind that several horses, materially superior to him on the flat, are now making good progress in hurdle-racing.

Friar Wile

No weight within reason would have brought Zeno and Friar Wile together when they met over hurdles at Gatwick, but it was the latter's first appearance in public at this game and on that account reasonable excuses could be urged on his behalf. I think we may rest assured that Friar Wile will improve immensely on his Gatwick exhibition before the season is far advanced, but the admirers of Zeno declare that he will never beat that colt so long as they have hurdles to jump. At any rate, I have an idea that Mr. Jim Bell is not inclined to despair of his prospects of winning the Imperial Cup at Sandown Park with Sir Robert McAlpine's colt. It is possible that Grassmoor will have to be reckoned with among the young hurdle-racers. I was unable to find any fault with his display at Hurst Park. He was up against two strongly fancied rivals in Marié Rocket and Canteen, but he settled them in most decisive fashion. So far as I could perceive he did not put a foot wrong during the race and he finished with any amount of dash. Mr. Singer's colt is in the excellent hands of Frank Hartigan at Weyhill.

A Regular Triton

Labrador is older than the novices to whom I have referred, but he is one of the most interesting performers of the season. He hails from America, but is a son of Light Brigade, a horse who met with some distinction in this country when Lord Derby owned him. Labrador is remarkable for his exceptional size. A long way the biggest horse in training, he possesses wonderful activity, as he showed when winning at Nottingham recently. Prior to that race he had accomplished something pretty smart in a gallop at Wroughton and was accordingly backed like a certainty. In due course he is to be put to steeplechasing, and in all probability will make a big name for himself at that game. He has such extraordinary power that no average fence will stop him. As usual, we can depend on some enjoyable sport at Newbury on Thursday and Friday. I expect the Reading Steeplechase on the opening day will be won by **Border Ranger**, while **Invermark** is my selection for the Berkshire Hurdle Race on the second afternoon. At Manchester on Saturday the Victory Steeplechase may be won by **General Advance**, and I expect **Blaris** to carry top weight to victory in the big hurdle race on Monday.

By "The Tout"

MR. H. S. HARRISON

Who provides "th_ goods" from Bangor-on-Dee. Many of our readers will remember him as a tip-top amateur "between the flags"

Topical

IN SCOTLAND

Lady Alexandra Haig out with the Buccleuch Foxhounds. The photograph was taken at the meet recently held at Eildon Hall, Roxburgh, the seat of the Earl of Dalkeith

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Pytchley Affairs

Considerable curiosity is being felt in hunting circles as to the future affairs of the Pytchley Hunt. The resignation of the Joint-Mastership of Sir Charles Lowther was recently announced. The question is whether his brother, Col. Jack Lowther, will be willing to go in sole command or whether a new M.F.H. will have to be found for this famous pack. A couple of seasons ago the Pytchley people were faced with a similar crisis. The senior M.F.H. resigned and his brother declared he had no wish to continue in the Mastership on his own account. On that occasion financial difficulties were at the bottom of the threatened change, just as they are in the majority of other moves in hunting countries. Realising the situation, a prominent member of the Pytchley went round to a number of other followers of the pack and quickly got together a sum which was sufficient to ease the monetary situation.

A Great Huntsman

In the event of both the Lowthers retiring from office, it will become an inter-

esting point whether Frank Freeman will continue as huntsman. The loss of his services will be generally regretted in the country. Although he has now reached the veteran stage of his profession, Freeman's reputation has not suffered in any way during the past season or two. He rides with nearly as much dash as ever he did; at all events, he is pretty nearly always in the right place. Since the days of Tom Firr, I doubt whether any huntsman has been more consistently successful in fashionable country than Freeman. One possible exception is Arthur Thatcher, who has now been in retirement for several seasons. He still lives at Medbourne, and never misses a day with his old pack if he can help it. What is more, Thatcher continues to show himself to be a wonderful man to hounds, and in most of the "good things" of the Fernie season he has been prominent.

IN THE SHIRES *Topical*

A meet of the North Staffordshire Foxhounds in a picturesque old-world setting. It was held in the grounds of Seighford Hall, the beautiful half-timbered house seen in the background

A HUNTING TRIO *Poole, Waterford*

Major Ian Bullough, M.F.H., Mrs. Ian Bullough and Mrs. Anson at a meet of the Ledbury, which was held at Corse Lawn. Major Bullough is retiring from the Mastership at the end of the present season

With the Fernie

A FEW days ago I met a man who has been hunting regularly with this pack, and he claimed that of the various Hunts in the Shires the Fernie have been showing the best sport so far this season. It is a statement which I can neither affirm nor contradict, but I know that these hounds have been doing singularly well. They have rarely had a better time up to Christmas than has been the case this winter. All this is most complimentary to Lord Stalbridge, who has been hunting hounds with the assistance of Major Harold Wernher as Joint-Master. I remember that when Lord Stalbridge first came to Market Harborough some of the members of the Fernie were doubtful of the advisability of having an amateur huntsman for the pack. It was obvious that the newcomer had a most difficult task in following a man so exceptionally well qualified as Arthur Thatcher. But those who had seen sport with Lord Stalbridge in South and West Wilts did not have much fear as to the likelihood of his success in his new country.

Poole, Waterford

WITH THE "GALLANT TIPPS"

Miss Bagwell, who is a keen rider to hounds, at a meet of the Tipperary at Marlfield House

A Successful Amateur

ONE enthusiast described him to me at that time as the best amateur huntsman in England. That was a very big claim, but I think his work in the Market Harborough district has shown that it was not a fanciful description. Lord Stalbridge is keenly interested in steeplechasing just now, and when he can snatch a day away from the hunting field he frequently turns up on the racecourse. He nearly always contrives to be present when his boy happens to be riding. His greatest ambition at the moment is to see the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor ride Thrown In to victory in the Grand National. The horse is a beautiful jumper, and has already shown that the Aintree fences have no terrors for him. He is also a fine stayer; so the prospects of the Joint-Master and huntsman of the Fernie winning the greatest prize of steeplechasing are by no means remote.

Art and Sport

IT was in these pages years ago that the art of Mr. Lionel Edwards was given instant recognition. One recalls the delight which his early sporting pictures gave to our readers. In the meantime he has gone from strength to strength, enlarging his field of operations and increasing his output without sacrificing a particle of that high quality of craftsmanship which has always distinguished his work. He could not have succeeded so well had he not been a good sportsman at heart, thoroughly sympathetic with subject touched by his pencil and brush. We see Mr. Edwards at his best in "A Sportsman's Bag," a collection from his studio to which full justice has been done in the reproduction. These eighteen colour plates, published from the offices of *Country Life*, with an appropriate introduction by "Crascredo," cover a wide range of the field of sport. Every picture is a gem, from the study of the Duke of Beaufort in the Badminton country to the Mort on Exmoor. The whole forms a book which every sportsman should be proud to possess.

THAT DISAPPEARING TRICK

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"That after-Christmas feeling"

LONDON, *December 29.*

DEAR COUSIN—

CAN'T quite think why there's quite such a terrible fuss when someone does the disappearing trick, can you? No, not the Maskelyne kind, but the feminine one—or, anyway, women seem distinctly better at it than men. And after all, why *shouldn't* you disappear if you want to? And can't you perfectly well imagine wanting to, at any rate, once at least in the course of your little lifetime or career, and not at all impossibly or inconceivably even more than that.

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HOW lovely, really, to disappear from ordinary life for a while, period, or space—it doesn't matter what you call it, so long as it's beautifully indefinite and unfixed. Suddenly, all in a moment and a flash, like to drop into the unknown right bang out of the dull, safe routine ('cos, of course, there's no fun in the disappearing trick if you've just done somebody in or forged a cheque, that's merely business). To get away from all those apparently inevitable things you do every day, those seemingly inescapable duties and pleasures—the work and the play, the lunches and dinners and dances, the people that have to be quelled, conciliated, or amused. All very absorbing and delightful, but . . .

"Had to walk in his pyjamas"

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BUT there do come moments, don't there, when we suddenly remember or possibly even discover for the very, very first time the shortness of life—or what's really much worse and *makes* it short, viz., the frequent narrowness thereof. How adorable it would be, f'rinstance, to float away all of a sudden and quietly, silently, gloat over, say, the square of San Marco in Venice, with the gorgeous sun of Italy, that England has so far produced no real imitation of, shining down upon you as you gaze for the first time (joy never to be recaptured) on the exquisite local church and the path that leads past the Doge's Palace to the quay or wharf whence one fares forth to the well-known Lido (but that's, as Mr. Kipling says, another story).

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OR to make an improvised excursion across the jolly old Atlantic to the so-called Western World in one of those rather nice little ships wherein there's a swimming-bath and gymnasium attached to every berth, or words to that effect—no, on second thoughts, methinks that looks a little too much like work. But how about a lazy walk through Brittany, or wandering all round Holland in a barge or boat of sorts along their wondrous network of canals—took the wrong turning when I was skating over them year before last and went three whole miles out of my way, which is by the way, but just shows odd and adventurous things do happen every now and then if you chance to be around at the right spot, what?

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AND all, of course, without anyone knowing or planning about it and so on. Even Tristan da Cunha, I mean, and Spitzbergen, and Kamschatka, and the North Pole (not to mention the South one), being quite accessible corners of the world *via* Messrs. Cook or others of same or common denominator, as they say. But this disappearing business has got to be done, methinks, all on your own, and without even telling the dog or the cat about your little private plans and schemes. It's after all a sort of losing your identity affair, isn't it? so you don't want anyone in all the world to know. And oh! what a blessed and glorious rest it must be (haven't tried it yet myself, but that's not to say I won't soon) to get all right away from everything and start the world afresh, *sans* friends, it's true, but also *sans* enemies, and likewise *sans* duties, worries, responsibilities, etcet. A glorious thought, mescems, especially with this New Year coming along in a day or two—here's a happy one to you, by the way, and may your shadow remain as fashionably slim as ever, and that after-Christmas feeling have thoroughly passed away by now.

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MAKES me go rather ting-a-ling, in fact, this New Year business does, as dear Dorothy Seacombe says in *Aloma*, you know. And, by the way, *that'd* be another rather delightful place to disappear to—South Sea Islands, I mean. Where, apparently they spend

(*Continued on page 976*)

A skating rink at Grosvenor Street

Up to Shed-Yule!

BY BATCHELOR

"Those are the Jones sisters. What do you think of them?"
"The least shed's the better"

most of their time playing ukuleles, or whatever they are, and making love (somewhat openly), though must say they do seem to get a drop of rain now and then judging by what happened at the end of the second act, when it poured down that hard on the stage that I began to feel quite anxious about the poor South-seamen (and women) that weren't a *bit* overdressed for the occasion.

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Ever so much more un-draped, in sooth, than the pyjama-clad ladies in the first act of *The Gold Diggers* at the Lyric there's been so much talk about. No, I don't mean the pyjamas, which are *vieux jeu,* of course, to the modern play-goer, though, p'raps, a bit em-barrassing sometimes if you had to wear 'em in the street like that poor Englishman the other day who had his clothes stolen out of a *wagon-lit,* and had to walk all through Lyons in *his* pyjamas before he could find a suit to fit him off a peg. No, it's because they say in the play American chorus-girls are so greedy and grasping that there's been all the outcry among (men) critics at the "insult to womankind," or words to that effect. Aren't men funny, sometimes?

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All our M.P.s have gone off to change theirs anyway for a few paltry weeks (how they do toil and moil, whatever moiling may be), some of 'em winter sportwards *sans doute*—and when they come back they'll find a nice new ice club awaiting them in Grosvenor Street, where we'll be able to do the Mount Charleston, what? And now all that remains is to choose how we're going to see the New Year in this very next Friday as ever is—at the Happy New Year Ball they're giving at the Albert Hall for the Middlesex (both other sexes also present), complete with pipers, brides of all nations, Scandinavian sledge party, Mustard Club, medical students' rag band and other oddments. Well, why not, after all, combine the lot and have a little bit of each? Shall us? Lets!

"At the Happy New Year Ball"

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Talking of revelry by night, don't I beg of you fail to pay a visit to that altogether bright and breezy show, yclept "Vaudeville Vanities" (second edition thereof) which is very much "what the doctor ordered." A new line in pantomimes they have herein, to wit "Charleston Cinderella," which is ten minutes of sheer joy with all the company Charlestoning like mad to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and clever Bobby Howes, complete in flaxen wig, as a very boisterous Boy of the Principal variety.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

By Macmichael

WHEN BIRNAM WOOD REMOVES TO—EPPING

Our artist's impressions of some of the players and audience at "Macbeth," as played by the boys of Forest School recently. They have given a Shakespearean play nearly every Christmas term since 1860

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES TIPPED WITH CORK OF PURE NATURAL GROWTH

"His favourite brand — and mine"!

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"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

A TOPPING NEW YEAR

WHY IT'S COMING

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE year that ends this week has been one of record prosperity for British dogdom, albeit a depressing one in many another field of activity, and catastrophic in some. (These, having sounded the depths, may surely look for better things in '27.) That the coming year will prove a first-rate one for our Dogs and all most intimately concerned with them is, save to the more inveterate Jeremiahs, a sure thing. 1925 was such a very progressive year that even some of the enthusiasts (but not "The Kennelman") admitted the likelihood of some falling off in '26. And, as a fact, '26 beat it handsomely, as the writer prophesied months before it began. This statistical fact is made the more notable by the knowledge that the Country's industrial, transport and other troubles, so far from leaving dogdom untouched, affect it immediately and materially, as may be proved by a glance at Kennel Club figures. But such is the growth of doggy enthusiasm and the popularity of Dog-fancying that, in spite of this, the progress made in almost all breeds, as in "total" figures, has beaten that of all previous record-breaking years.

And the reason? Fashion? A passing whim? Not a bit of it. It's been far too steadily progressive since the War for that. No; the main cause is increased *understanding* of Dogs, their psychology and capabilities as chums; not among fanciers, but among the general public. And that most wholesome process may best be fostered and maintained by consistent pursuit among all fanciers of a few simple objectives, such as the greatly increased development of practical tests and competitions to make Shows at once more popular with and instructive to the *general* public; scrupulously honourable dealing; the discouragement of freaks, and the encouragement of breeding for health, soundness and intelligence; the spread of sound teaching about Dog-keeping, training, education, companionship, etc. Pampering—already *démodé*—is just as bad form as any roughness or cruelty to animals; and comfortable euthanasia is the best thing for homeless strays, whose lamentable existence is due mainly to the propagation of mongrels, which, again, is due generally to gross carelessness or sloppy sentimentality.

On the subject of popularity, that of the Alsatian would seem, oddly, to make for hyper-sensitiveness among his foremost champions, so that a little gossip makes for clamorous special pleading and all manner of suggested rechristenings. If a Dog offends, no matter how many "vons" before his name, he can't be a true specimen of the breed, and mention of the word "wolf" makes pundits see red. "The Kennelman" has received a postcard bearing these cryptic phrases, and nothing to elucidate them :—

"DOGGY DIPLOMACY.

"At first: 'Deutsche Schaeferhund,' or 'German Sheep Dog.'

"Then: 'Alsatian Wolf Dog.'

"And now—one gathers—'Pet Lamb Dog,' or 'Loving Lap Dog.'"

No prize is offered for solution, so "Kennelman" "passes," with the comment that if you want an Alsatian of the kind of temperament that commends itself to British people—and British Dogs—the obvious course is to make sure you get one bred in this country from parents also bred here. British goods *are* best.

Correspondents interested in the breeding and keeping of Dogs by working men and women—a matter that materially affects the improvement of general public understanding of Dogs—should write to Lady Alexandra Emmet, 35, Regent's Park Road, N.W.1, who has interesting information on the subject, and is doing very practical work.

Touching the comfort and well-being of Dogs in cold weather, it is not coats that are wanted (as some readers of these Notes appear to think) but reasonably warm quarters and bedding, regular exercise and grooming, and sound feeding—never more than twice daily, and never less than 50 per cent: animal to 50 per cent. farinaceous, and good big bones to wrestle with.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE MATCHES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THIS is the season of Bridge parties and tournaments, and hostesses may welcome a new idea from America on that popular form of entertainment—the progressive Bridge drive.

The regular method at the progressive game was for the winning pair at each table, except the head table, to move up one table towards the head, while the losing pair remained at the table and exchanged partners with the newcomers. This was the accepted way at all card parties. It is much older than Bridge, and dates back to the days of Euchre and Whist.

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The latest improvement on the game described in the *American Bridge Bulletin* is to have a contest between tables, in which one pair at each table remain "at home" to defend the table, while the other pair goes forth for conquest.

Teams of four are formed, either by the players themselves or by those conducting the party.

The tables are numbered consecutively, beginning with No. 1 (head table), numbered cards being placed on each table. The teams take tables at random and decide amongst themselves who shall be the home defenders and who shall be the travellers. The defenders take the north and south seats and are Y and Z. The travellers take the east and west seats and are A and B.

Teams of two men and two women should be formed. These may be paired a man with a woman, but greater interest is developed if the two women play as partners and the two men as partners.

The women would then take the north and south seats, remaining seated at the same table throughout the tournament, while the men do the work of gathering trophies for their table. Score sheets showing the number of the table should be provided. They should be divided into two columns—one headed "Our Score," and the other "Opponents' Score," with a space at the bottom for the final result.

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As soon as all the players are seated and everything is ready a signal is given, and the east-west pairs (B and A) move one table down, taking along their score sheets. B and A from the last table move to No. 1. Play then begins. The draw for the deal, the bidding, and the play proceed as in ordinary Auction Bridge. Four deals are played. Rubbers are not played. Every deal is complete in itself, no score being carried from one deal to the next. A side winning game in a single hand scores 125 points in honour column. In case of a doubled or redoubled contract the winners are not allowed to score more than 350 points for penalties, plus honours and slams.

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At each table the scores made on four deals by each pair are added up separately and both totals are recorded on the score cards in the proper columns. The difference of the scores is not taken, the two totals only being recorded. The scores entered should be checked and initialled by the opposing pairs.

A and B now move to the next higher numbered table, where the players again draw for deal and cards, and four more deals are played and recorded in like manner. And so on throughout the match.

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The match ends after the play of twenty-four hands, six sets of four hands each.

A and B then return to their original home tables. Both columns on each score sheet are then added up and the totals on the two score sheets are consolidated. The lower grand total is then subtracted from the higher. If the higher be the score made by the table, the result is plus. If the higher be that made by the opponents, the score is minus. The result is recorded at the bottom of the score sheets. The table with the highest plus score wins the match.

First prizes are generally awarded to the four members of the winning table and second prizes to the next table. I am indebted for the description of the game to Major Cook, and, having tried it, I can recommend it as an interesting form of entertainment.

FEMINA

CHILDREN'S ROOMS

By MRS. M. VINCE

IN this country (for how many years?) children have had dolls' houses to play with. Other countries have gone a stage further and given their children small houses of their own in their gardens, where they can work and play, cook and entertain. And now some people are giving children a larger part in the houses which they share with us by allowing them to choose decorations for their own rooms.

WHAT would our grandmothers, or even our mothers, have said to it? Could children, whose first duty in life was to be seen and not heard, be allowed to choose for themselves instead of accepting what was given to them? I think our grandmothers would have been half terrified and half amused at such a practice. It would have been predicted that it would infallibly (as the mysterious phrase was) "put ideas into the child's head." But why a child should not have ideas, and where else it should have them except in its head, I have never been able to discover.

I HAVE been reading of a Spartan mother, fifty or so years ago, who records with some pride that she cured a boy of five of his habit of picking pieces off a wallpaper by taking all his little money towards paying for a new one. There are ways and ways of teaching children. Perhaps that mother would not have believed that to let him choose his own paper would have been just as likely to make him treat it carefully.

BUT, after all, there is something more to be thought of than teaching children to be careful with their rooms. It is even more important that they should have beautiful things about them, and learn some good taste as they learn to speak, without knowing that they are learning. Who, then, is to decorate their rooms? Perhaps some day we shall have inspectors who will see that houses are well decorated as well as sanitary.

UNTIL then, should children choose their own decorations? I know one boy of four or five who was allowed to choose the colour of his room, which was to have plain painted walls. He chose green. It was not altogether the right colour, for the room had a cold aspect, and needed a colour which would warm it up. Other colours were suggested to him; but he was quite firm. He had been allowed to choose, and green he would have; and green he has. But why he chose it no one knows. Nor does anyone know if he refused to give it up because he really wanted it, or simply because he liked to have his own way. Some day, when he is bigger, perhaps the reason will be discovered.

IT would be very interesting if some experimenter in education would make the experiment of allowing children to choose exactly what they would like in their rooms—not just the colour, but everything; to choose just to please themselves, and without any idea at the back of their minds that they have also to please someone else. It is very hard to imagine what the results would be. Would they vary very much according to the time of year at which the choice was made? What would be the effect, for example, of letting the children decorate their rooms immediately after the Christmas pantomimes?

I THINK that the results would be certain to bring disappointments to some one. If a room were decorated in the style of the pantomime it would certainly bring speedy disappointment to the decorators. They would wonder why the Cave of the Forty Thieves seemed so very different in a theatre and in one's own nursery. It would be Mr. Anstey's story, *Tommy's Hero*, over again. The Cave of the Forty Thieves would bring as much disillusionment in the home as Tommy's Clown; and the disillusioned decorators would very soon return to the old sofas and tables and chairs which, perhaps just because they had not chosen them, they could turn into anything they liked.

Haro

MLLE. SIRI NAIMA

The famous Swedish singer, in the costume s e will wear at the Happy New Year Bail at the Albert Hall. She will make her debut at the Café de Paris on January 3

BUT I think the much more probable disappointment would be to the fathers and mothers—that is, if they expected anything original and out of the ordinary from their children. If children were asked to do such grown-up things as to decorate and furnish their own rooms, I am sure that the majority of them would be determined to show that they had a grown-up taste.

I CAN see the nurseries becoming not like the fairy tales, but more and more like the drawing-room and dining-room. It is much more probable that the small boy would insist on a shaving-mug for his bedroom, and the small girl on a powder-puff and perfumes, than that either of them would choose a picture frieze. For these are to them the mysteries of the grown-up bedrooms and dressing-rooms which they visit.

I KNOW one house where the bedrooms of the four children, each decorated as chosen by the child, are so sober, and even severe, in taste as to be a standing rebuke to the wild levity with which their father has decorated his dressing-room. It is not the children, but the elders, who imagine the fantastic nurseries.

A PRESENT FOR GRANNY *Lenare*

Mrs. and Miss Graham Moffat in a scene from "Granny," which Mr. Graham Moffat and his clever Scottish company are playing at the Royalty. "Granny," who is a kind of elderly "Bunty," takes a keen delight in pulling streets

MOTOR NOTES

THE New Year is on our threshold and the owner of a motor car has much to look forward to at this season. In the first place he will have the inestimable privilege of paying large sums on January 1, 1927, to the Exchequer for the mere privilege of owning a car. Judging from his experiences in 1926 he will (if honest) pay the Inland Revenue Tax, confident that a certain proportion will never be devoted to the construction or upkeep of roads. He can thus start the New Year in a praiseworthy spirit of philanthropy.

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IT is also possible that 1927 may see the Road Vehicles Bill introduced into Parliament. One would be too sanguine, judging from past experience, to suggest that the Bill will become Law in the same year, but there is a distinct possibility that motorists will have to observe an Act of more recent date than 1903. We cannot expect very rapid progress in the bringing up to date of motor car legislation, but the lapse of over 23 years might suggest a slight need for urgency in this direction.

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STILL arising out of the question of finance, the motorist who is really interested in the expense of his car will also be interested in an annual publication entitled "Waterstons' Motor Car Register." This gives a complete yearly record of the work and expenses of the car. This, the 9th edition, contains new information and many improvements, and is supplied in five styles of binding. It is published by George Waterston and Son, Ltd.

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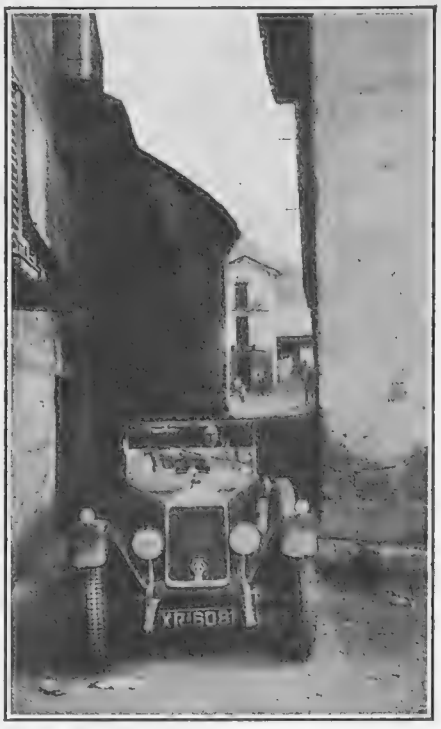
AFTER a drive in a saloon car on a cold, wet day one cannot help reflecting on the many advantages of this type of vehicle over the ordinary "all-weather" car. The average saloon has many comforts and conveniences, which make motoring a pleasure under all conditions. In the course of a recent journey I parked my vehicle outside the hotel where I lunched, and on leaving it, along with all my coats, maps and rugs, I had no fear of them being purloined, as I was able to lock the doors and I knew it was not possible for dishonest spectators to lower the windows from the outside. This is one advantage of the saloon. Many people have the opinion that the closed car is stuffy. By adjustment of the front screen, side windows, and the roof ventilator, however, it is possible to obtain perfect ventilation without any perceptible draught. Again, in summer there is a tremendous advantage, for it is possible to follow closely in the wake of another car without being overwhelmed by dust, even on the sandiest of roads. In all weathers the saloon allows one to travel without hat, coat or gloves—a decided advantage. There is nothing more annoying for the motorist who, after crossing miles of country, arrives again in the haunts of civilisation looking and feeling just like a motorist, with his dusty clothes and grimy hands and face.



A TIGHT CORNER!

A Vauxhall motor car photographed in the main street of Andorra la Viega, the world's smallest capital. It consists of only 160 houses

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THERE is no need nowadays to know anything about mechanics or engineering to be an efficient driver. However, one cannot help smiling at the story of the managing director of one of the big motor firms, who was driving one of his own cars in London, and was puzzled to know what to do when it came to a sudden stop in traffic. His friend was also high up in the motor business and the pair made valiant attempts to take off the cover of the magneto to see if the points were sticking. Eventually, after some futile tickling at the carburetter and running out the batteries of the starter, they left the offending vehicle and completed their journey by taxi, having 'phoned for a mechanic, who, when he arrived, simply turned on the reserve petrol supply and drove the car home. Motoring has become so trouble-free that usually it is safer for the average owner not to lift his bonnet. The modern car is a servant to its master and does its work without obtruding the fact that it is a highly complicated piece of mechanism. As long as one gives it regular oil, petrol, and water, and handles it with reasonable care, it will run along quite cheerfully without complaint.

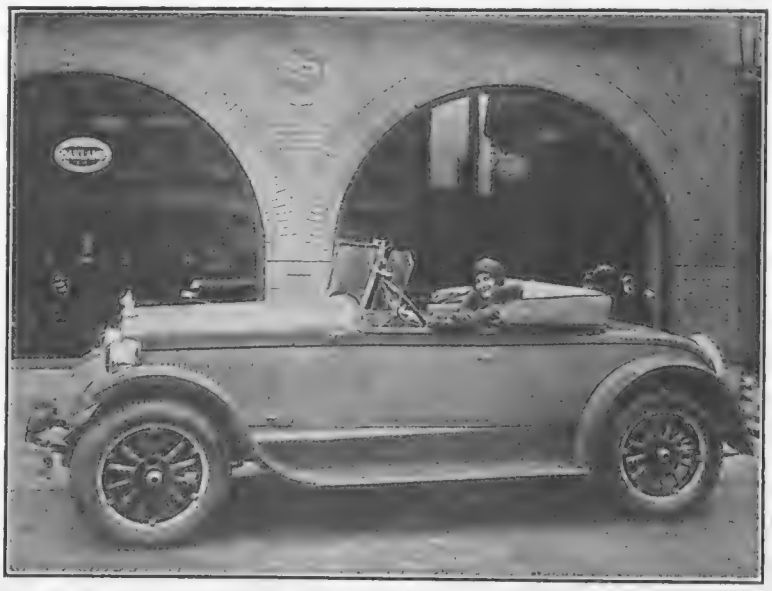
***

I SUSPECT that not a little of the proclivity of owner-drivers for mascots is to enable them to identify their cars rather than provide themselves with bringers of persistent good luck. Superstition has thus given way to utility. When there are so many cars of the same make on the same roads, and left outside the same hotels, it is easy to understand how mistakes arise, and one can sympathise with the man who, having enjoyed his lunch, steps absent-mindedly into the first car of a well-known make he sees, presuming it to be his own. Having gone a few miles, however, he suddenly realises that the vehicle is not behaving as usual, and then he may discover a strange pair of gloves on the driving seat. Should the owner of his car have taken his own the complication is only increased, but perhaps that is better than for our motorist to drive back and be accused as a car thief. It is certainly a good plan to attach some definite means of identification to one's car. To-day we have a wide range of mascots, but, even these can be duplicated, and fate might be unkind. Owners, therefore, should either make their own mascots or execute some little device which is readily recognisable.

***

ALTHOUGH the more widespread use of the petrol pump has caused a reduction in the number of petrol cans in use, nevertheless there are a considerable number of these still in use, and likely to remain so, if only to contain a spare supply of fuel. One of the most annoying features of the present petrol can is its filler cap. It is difficult to operate without special implements, such as a jack handle or the bottom of another tin, and there is little guarantee that the cap itself will be fuel-tight. I have been sent an example of a new type of filler cap which is claimed to overcome all disadvantages. It is known as the "A.S." cap and is made by the Anglo-Sphinx Co., Ltd., of Canterbury. The special feature of this cap is that the closure is obtained by means of a floating metal disc permanently retained in the recess of the cap. This disc is so made that the leather washer remains stationary on the edge of the can neck when the slightest pressure is applied. Cans fitted with this cap can, so I am told, be opened and closed by merely hand pressure, and when screwed down the cap is guaranteed to be leak-proof.

GEORGE C. STEAD.



BEAUTY AND THE CAR

Miss Gertrude Olmstead, the well-known film star, photographed in a happy mood. The motor car is an Oakland Sports Roadster

Bovril
BOVRIL

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

Commences Monday next, January 3rd, and continues for four weeks.

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods

6 Persian Lamb Fur Coats, one sketched with mink dyed squirrel collar being an example; also skunk and beaver collar.

Original Price **79 & 89 Gns.**

Sale Price 59 Gns.

Stockinette Jumper Suit in good quality woollen stockinette, piped self colour, collar can be worn open or closed. In Almond, Grey, Saxe, Beetroot, Mulberry, Bois de Rose, Bottle, Black, Beaver, and Wine.

Usual Price **5½ Gns.**

Sale Price 73/6

"Marion"

Popular Tea Frock (for young ladies), made in rich Lyons chiffon velvet, introducing the old world effect with the gauged bodice and full skirt, trimmed self ruchings and bodice lined silk. In a large range of colours and black.

Usual Price **£5 19 6**

Reduced to 98/6

Attractive Frock with skirt of finely pleated woollen material and top of silk to tone, trimmed with strappings of the material. In Black, Navy and a good range of colours.

Sale Price £5 18 6

Model Coat in rich Nigger Marocain, attractively finished with corded embroidery, and on collar, cuffs and flounce with nutria fur, lined rich quality silk.

Usual Price **27 Gns.**

Sale Price 16½ Gns.

Ladies' Knitted Woollen House Coats (*as sketch*) in White, Black, Rust, Saxe, Biscuit, Grey, Gold, Fawn.

Sale Price 12/9

Attractive Tailored Sports Jumper (*as sketch*), made in heavy crêpe de Chine shirting perfectly cut. In Ivory, Sahara, Rosewood, Cedar, Grey, Saxe.

Sale Price 25/9

300 Wool and Rayon Stockinette Jumpers. Shades: Scarlet, Grey, Sandalwood, Almond, Biskra, Fawn, Tangerine, Saxe, Rose, Beige, White. Sizes for 10 to 16 years.

Sale Price 15/-

Petticoat (*as sketch*) in shot taffetas that is very dependable for wear, with petal shape at foot, picot edge black and large range of shot colours.

Sale Price 13/9

Lengths 26, 28.

100 Odd Corsettes in pink material with inside diaphragm control and good hip support. Sizes 32 to 42.

Sale Price 21/6

REMNANT DAY THURSDAY

Sale Catalogue post free. **Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Oxford St. & Vere St., London, W.1.

(*Debenhams Ltd.*)

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Start of the Sales

THE time has come round yet once again to talk of winter sales. So be it! although it always strikes me, in a manner of speaking, as taking a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous. Having barely emerged from Christmas extravagances, we are plunged into the maelstrom of bargains and give-away prices, the latter in many instances almost ridiculously incredible. These clearances, however, are a means to an end, and serve both the shops and the public.

A Rare Chance in Stockings

AMONG the primary necessities of dress to-day is hosiery, so lay in a supply of these at the sales, for it means a large and appreciable saving to the exchequer. Now it is on this particular note a pæan of praise may be sung in connection with Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. With a large country *clientèle* this house is at all times well equipped with those smart wool and artificial silk stockings the best dressed elect to wear for golf and country pursuits. And Gorringe have a range of these woven with rings and diamond designs in nude, beige, and all the leading shades that has been dropped from 5*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 11*d.* the pair. Even more startling and exceptional value occurs in some of pure silk, the best quality with lace clox, silk throughout, that have been selling at 14*s.* 6*d.*, and are now obtainable at 6*s.* 11*d.*, the shades including champagne, nude, silver, etc. A further choice is a quality known as "Stand the Pull." Again of pure silk, guaranteed for two months, in all the modish colours, these are reduced to 12*s.* the pair. The sale starts on January 3, and is replete with bargains of sound worth in every department of the house.

THE DISTINCTIVE NOTE

A black *moiré* of striking design. The corsage opens in a long V over a gauged vest of ashes of roses chiffon, a note of contrast repeated in sleeves, *bouffants* and a shaded chiffon flower on one shoulder

Original design by Betty Nisbet

A Sale of Unquestionable Character

IN such a vast emporium as that of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., it is only possible to skim the surface of things. When convenient it is always well to take an open mind to this clearance, since there are surprising bargains, really irresistible ones, on every side. In the blouse section attention must be drawn to a smart tailored jumper of heavy *crêpe de Chine* suiting, available in ivory, Sahara, rosewood, and tan, etc., at 35*s.* 9*d.* in lieu of the original 49*s.* 6*d.* The new Sidlick sports jumper, built of a like material, buttoning down the front, has fallen from the high estate of 49*s.* 6*d.* to 29*s.* 6*d.*, outside 33*s.* 6*d.* Among the knitted wear a surprise awaits in a jumper suit fashioned of the finest quality woollen yarn with stockinette finish at 29*s.* 6*d.*; 73*s.* 6*d.* secures another type of jumper suit in self and check mixtures once fetching anything from 94*s.* 6*d.* to six guineas.

On the first floor prospective brides and others will find it well worth while to consider the many wonderful bargains offered in lingerie. The reductions applied to these delicate articles are really stupendous. Then, of course, there is the teagown *salon*—always so prolific in beautiful and alluring models—which is to be cleared at great reductions. Initially valued at £5 18*s.* 6*d.* is a charming tea frock, suitable for dinner wear or a *thé dansant*, this composed of good quality taffetas, plain and shot, finished at the hem with net and oriental trimming, is now available at 98*s.* 6*d.* One of those jolly little slip-on tea frocks of Lyons velvet, trimmed fur, is going for 89*s.* 6*d.* All the model hats have been lowered to what may be described as popular prices. There are also some startling offerings in shoes. A glacé Derby model, with patent toecap, is only 18*s.* 9*d.*; 300 pairs of smart fancy strap patent leather walking shoes are reduced from 35*s.* to 25*s.* 9*d.*

FOR THE EVENING

An evening coat of quilted taffetas in a new shade of saffron-yellow. It is lined with silver *lamé* and completed by a luxurious collar and deep cuffs of mink complete with tails

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Replenish the Linen Cupboard

NO woman who is a keen administrator ever dreams of buying damask and linen other than at sale time. Going carefully through her possessions, she takes the opportunity of making good all deficiencies, a feat always ably aided by Walpole, 89-90, New Bond Street, W.; 108-110, Kensington High Street, and 175-176, Sloane Street. It is good hearing from these authorities that prices are still dropping; the present sale offerings touch the lowest level since 1914, reductions due to market conditions and because Walpole's are actual manufacturers—their name has stood for fame since 1766. In pursuance of their usual custom these people have issued their illustrated sale catalogue, and from this there will be learned how linen sheets for single beds, 2 yards by 3 yards, hemstitched and ready for use, range in price from 26*s.* 9*d.* per pair; a standard reliable quality, plainly hemmed, 2 yards by 3¼ yards, is reduced to 19*s.* 6*d.*

A notable clearance of Irish linen pillow cases, plain and hemstitched, from 2*s.* 11*d.* for 20 in. by 30 in., up to 7*s.* 6*d.* for 27 in. by 27 in. Of equally fine value are Walpole's linen finished cotton sheets; these start at 21*s.* 6*d.* per pair for single beds; an extra special

line of Horrockses's famous cotton sheets from 16*s.* 9*d.* Now, too, is the moment to buy blankets; all pure wool, for single beds, are priced at 23*s.* 9*d.* per pair; also down quilts, which are substantially reduced. Walpole's catalogue can be had for the asking; they pay carriage and C.O.D. fees anywhere within the British Isles.

Two Weeks Only and No Catalogue

A UNIQUE line is taken by Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, and it is one that indicates the genuineness of the clearance. The marking down of the surplus stock only takes place a day or two before the opening date, January 10, and this is of so drastic a character that they calculate two weeks will see the whole lot cleared. The exceptionally large stock necessarily held by this old, long-established firm at all times justifies such a sharp, quick action. Space must be found for the spring consignments already waiting to be delivered; and that is the sole aim and object in holding a sale at all.

The Art of Dressing Well

THIS is the very first opportunity available for drawing attention to a most enlightening little booklet written by Mr. David Rivkin, of 101, Oxford Street, who has made a lifetime study of women and dress. With the courage born of conviction, he points out in a crisp, almost terse, way how to overcome certain defects, such as being over-plump, or too thin. The chapter on choice of colour is extraordinarily helpful. Quite an amazing number of women going agley in this respect. Accessories, again, should assist many in avoiding pitfalls, emphasis, for example, being laid on the *cachet* well-cut, well-fitting shoes impart to a frock, or suit, that has passed its pristine freshness. The plea to cultivate a sense of fitness is well worthy of attention, and Mr. Rivkin spares none on that score.

FOR FANCY DRESS

An old Venetian costume from Harrods, in true Venetian red silken fabric with elaborately stencilled gold design on skirt, and a close-fitting bodice and quaintly trimmed gold lace bertha

At Burberrys

Some of the greatest bargains in the New Year sales are to be found at Burberrys, in the Haymarket, in the shape of weatherproofs, overcoats, suits and costumes. Burberrys are offering their remaining stock of garments, and others made up from short lengths of materials that it is not intended to repeat in the New Year, at reduced prices. Men's lounge suits in Cheviot tweed, which usually cost 8 or 9 guineas, come out at 4 guineas, ladies' overcoats that ranged from 8 to 10 guineas at 4½ guineas, while the Burberry Weatherproof offered during the sale at 73*s.* 6*d.* is a real bargain. On mentioning THE BYSTANDER a free illustrated sale catalogue will be sent on applying to Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W.

Food and Health

The number of firms which exhibited at the recent Food and Cookery Exhibition at Olympia reflects the importance of scientific feeding and the value of Health Foods in general. The Gold Medal of Merit was awarded to Virol, Ltd., for their well-known preparation Virol-and-Milk, and the large public already using this excellent commodity must be gratified to find their opinions endorsed by the qualified judges of the Exhibition.

At a Glance

For the busy man a calendar which tells the day of the week at a glance, in addition to showing the entire month or even a complete year, is an invaluable aid. The "At-a-Glance" series of calendars fulfils all these requirements, the little red indicator showing the day clearly and unmistakably. They are manufactured and sold by the "At-a-Glance" Calendar Co., Ltd., Finsbury Pavement House, E.C.2, but may be obtained at all high-class stationers.

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In their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, in Black, and also a variety of 32 art shades, to order in 4 days.
Price 37/6
A selection of beautifully hand made natural Feather Bird models, comprising Wild Duck, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Jay Snipe, Parrot, etc., Price 15/- each extra.
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well, a warning that your throat needs attention
If your throat is inclined to be weak, if you are liable to get hoarse after one cigarette too many, or after prolonged talking, you will find "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles a boon. Made only from the fresh juice of ripe black currants and pure glycerine, they are manufactured according to an old French recipe of the House. Keep a tin handy They quickly relieve and soothe the throat and clear the voice, and they are as luscious as they are effective They contain no harmful drugs, so they may be used as frequently as necessary with absolute safety
Your Chemist stocks them.
Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing
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Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If unsatisfactory post us empty bottle and we will refund money.

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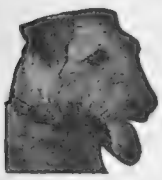

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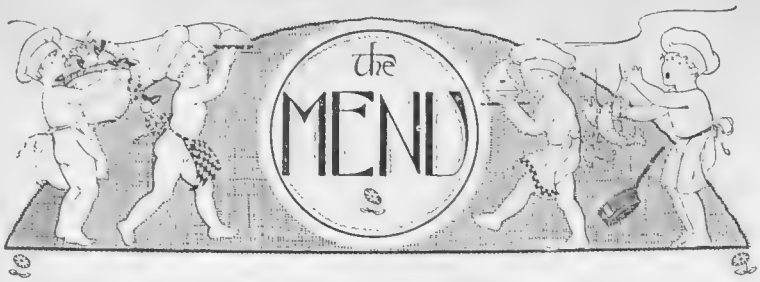

A LUNCHEON MENU

BROCHET OF SMELTS.
BRAISED FILLET OF BEEF WITH SPAGHETTI.
CHAUDFROID OF PHEASANT.
CORN FRITTERS.
MINCE PIES.
BOSTON TIT-BIT.

Brochet of Smelts

MELT some butter, spread it on a dish, and dredge raspings of bread on it, season with pepper and salt, chopped parsley, and one small shallot cut very fine; pour a glass of wine over the smelts, a little anchovy essence, and Harvey's Sauce. Cook the fish in a good oven for a quarter of an hour, garnish with lemon and fried parsley, and serve very hot.

Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti

Take about 3 lb. of the under-cut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat and the thin skin next to it, lard it with fat bacon, and tie it up with string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole dish, on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost, surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some parsley; add whole pepper, salt, and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and a good piece of butter, garnish the beef with it, and serve very hot.

Chaudfroid of Pheasant

Cut up the remains of a cold pheasant into neat slices, and cover these with stiffened espagnole sauce. Serve round a mayonnaise salad, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. Any game may be treated in this way. For espagnole sauce fry together 1 oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, a sliced tomato, a sliced onion, and a small slice of lean ham: then add gradually half a pint of good brown stock, into which three or four leaves have been soaked, boil all together for fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well and boil up till reduced about a fourth part. Mash well the pieces of game with this sauce, and allow to set.

Corn Fritters

Pour off half a tin of corn into a bowl, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and season to taste. Well beat two eggs and stir in last. Have ready some boiling fat in a frying-pan, into which the batter should be dropped, a dessertspoonful at a time. Drain on paper and serve at once on a hot dish.

Boston Tit-bit

Cut up 4 oz. of Cheddar or American cheese, put it in a stewpan with a saltspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of flour, a pinch of pepper, and moisten with a gill of hot milk and a well-beaten egg. Stir till it boils and becomes creamy. Pour on squares of buttered toast.

EMILIA.

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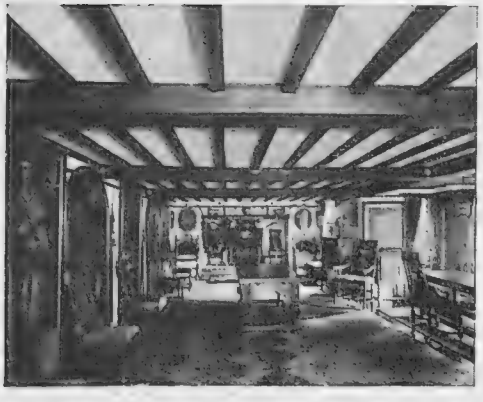

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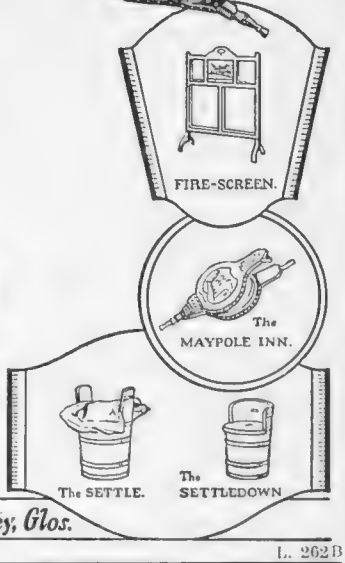

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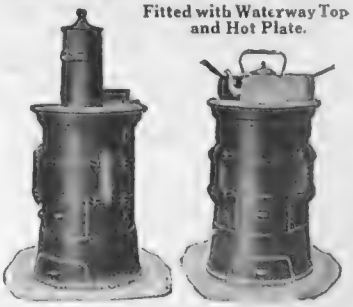

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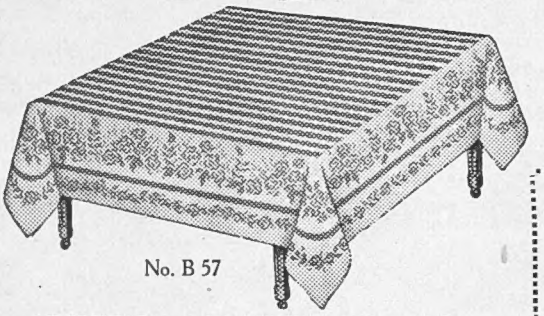

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Napkins	Doz.	2½×3½ „ ..	30/-
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Laundered ready for use.

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22×22 ins. ..	36/9	2½×3½ „ ..	68/6
26×26 „ ..	47/6	2½×4 „ ..	78/6

No. B 39

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HEMSTITCHED COTTON SHEETS.

No. B 21

Heavy Durable Make. Washed for use.

Large Single Bed Size, 2¼×3¼ yards.

SALE PRICE .. 17/9 per pair

We Pay Carriage & C.O.D. Fees within the British Isles.

ESTABLISHED 1766

No. B 80

COTTON BEDSPREAD

An effective design of Irish Embroidery on reliable quality material

SALE PRICES

Size	Each	Size	Each
72× 90 ins. ..	20/-	90×100 ins. ..	25/9
80×100 „ ..	23/9	100×108 „ ..	31/6

No. B 54

Superior Quality Honeycomb Towels

An exceptionally heavy make suitable for Servants' use

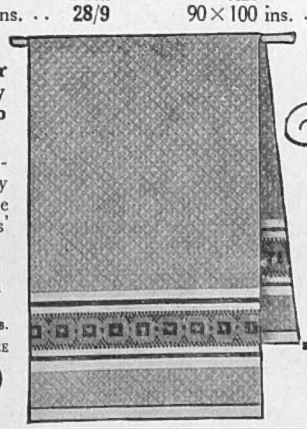
All White or with Red Borders

Size 23×39 ins.

BARGAIN PRICE

13/9

Per dozen



WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces.

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

No. B 34

Fine quality Pure Irish Linen Huckaback Face Towels

To-day's value for this reliable quality is 39/6 per dozen

Size 22 × 40 ins.

SALE PRICE

29/6

Per dozen

No. 1 Edward 1. Period of use. 1272=1307.
Counterseal. The King, crowned and armed on horseback. For the first time the horse wears a caparison reaching nearly to the hoofs. The seal carries on the great artistic improvement in design and workmanship begun in the previous reign, of which Westminster Abbey is an example.

The Great Seals

The story of the Great Seals of England is not less engrossing than our history itself ∽ The method dates definitely from Edward the Confessor—if not an earlier reign ∽ It has signified Royal Assent throughout the ages — the mark of Majestic approval ∽ The parallel is to be found in the stamp of quality that goes with Maison Lyons' Chocolates—signifying the highest approval by the greatest arbiters of good taste and discernment.

Maison Lyons Chocolates

4/= per lb.

The Maison Lyons 'Club' Chocolates at 4/= per lb. are preferred by some because they are smaller.

Maison Lyons Finest Eating Chocolate is deliciously smooth and nourishing. 2d, 3d, 6d & 8d packets, half=pound slabs 1/2.

Also Nut Milk and Plain Milk Chocolate.

15,000 Good Confectioners throughout the country sell Maison Lyons Chocolates

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd., Cadby Hall, Kensington, W.14

VITAL MOMENTS IN THE HISTOR

"Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling —not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can—but an elevated and lofty destiny." GLADSTONE.

Be inspired with the belief that Westminster Cigarettes are the best possible, containing only the finest grades of Virginia leaf, in fact—the best in our time.

Westminster

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

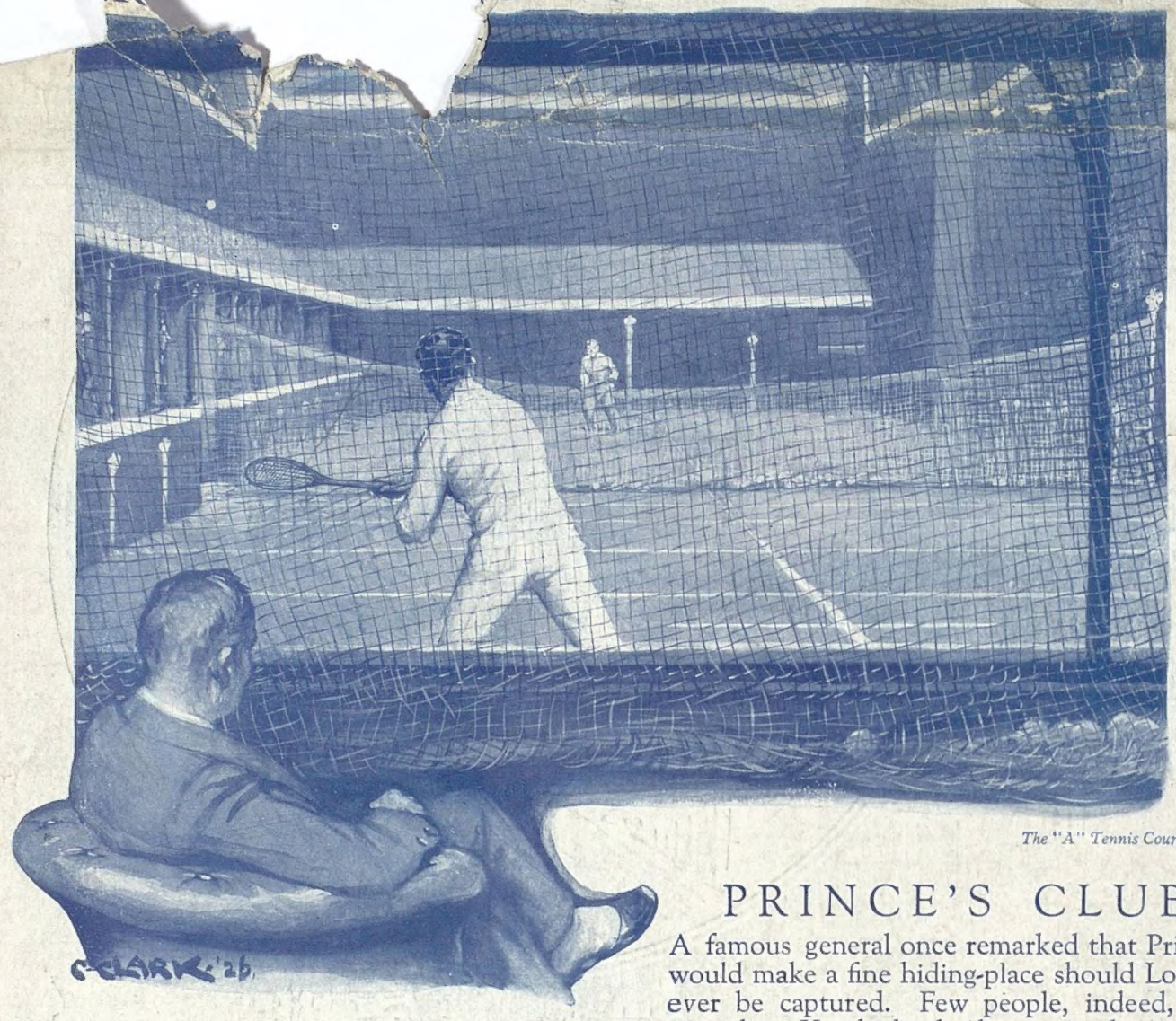
10 *for* 6P

Plain in White Packets.
Cork-Tipped in Brown Packets.

20 *for* 1/-

W.R.43

CLUBS OF THE WORLD



The "A" Tennis Court

PRINCE'S CLUB

A famous general once remarked that Prince's would make a fine hiding-place should London ever be captured. Few people, indeed, who pass along Knightsbridge have any idea of the spacious sports club which lies behind those unpretentious doors.

The tennis courts are unrivalled; in fact, the "A" tennis court is the accepted venue for the World's Championships. It is here that G. F. Covey will defend his title against Pierre Etchebaster (Paris) next May. There are, in addition to the racquet court and squash racquet courts, alleys for American bowls (a near relation of the ancient game of skittles).

Prince's was formed in 1853 by two brothers named Prince, who were supported by a number of members of the M.C.C. The club moved from its original open-air location in Hans Place to its present site in 1888.

After a strenuous game there is the Turkish bath, of which Prince's is rightfully proud; a splendidly appointed luncheon room and the restful calm of the panelled reading room. The club lost one-seventh of its members during the War — poignant testimony to the sterling character of its membership.

By Appointment.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES

ESTABLISHED 1627

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

Issued by JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD. (Owning Haig & Haig Ltd.), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL

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